

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

By telegraph we are told that twelve Roman Catholic families of the parish of Ste. Blaise have seceded from the Church and joined the Grand Ligne mission, an organization formed for the purpose of evangelizing French-Canadians. The reason given for the secession is that under the Quebec parochial system when a new parish is created, all Catholic freeholders are assessed for the cost of the church, presbytery, etc., and are as legally bound to pay their assessments as they are to pay their county taxes. It is several years now since the people of that district were notified that a new parish had been set apart, and though they had not personally made any request for a new church, or school, or residence for the priest, they awoke one morning to find themselves liable to pay for all these things. Some independent spirits contested the action of the bishop, and a long and bitter litigation followed. The Church was ultimately successful and, the episcopal decree having received civil sanction, an assessment roll was prepared showing how much each Roman Catholic freeholder in the new parish would have to pay. With the appearance of this assessment roll came the secession of the twelve families spoken of.

One does not need to have personal information with regard to the bitterness of the dispute to be able to realize the heart-burnings, bitternesses and feuds which led to the greatest sacrifice which men can make, an open abandonment of their religious sect. Knowing a little something about this quarrel, I am quite within the limits of my information when I say that it has been one of the most unhappy disputes imaginable. As usual in such disputes, all the members of the discontented families were not agreed, thus making it domestic as well as parochial. We who are farm-born in Ontario know something of the ugliness of a church quarrel, of a line fence dispute, of a fight over a watercourse or a feud beginning with the distribution of prizes at a township show, or a spat between women in a sewing circle, but I am quite sure that none of us have ever gone through such a trial or endured the agony of the twelve families of Ste. Blaise. It cannot be conceived for a moment that the home disturbance and heart trouble of this dispute were confined only to the twelve families. There were other families in which the matter was discussed; families in which the father grudgingly refused to pay his tax, and was supported by his sons in his determination. That these families were not numbered amongst the twelve was because of the tearful wives, daughters and women kinsfolk, who would rather be taxed until they were homeless than refuse to obey the mandate of the Church. Perchance in the families of the twelve who seceded there were tears and beseechings which, though they failed to move the freeholder from his determination to resist the unjust imposition, may leave domestic shadows and differences which the missionaries of the Grand Ligne can never remove.

In the old days when I taught a country school and boarded around, and in many days thereafter when I dwelt in the houses of others than my own kin; yes, before all these days when growth into manhood gave me an opportunity to see something of the outside world, in my boyhood's home and in the homes of the rather heterodox religious community into which I was born, I have seen come the spectre of religious dispute and have sat by firesides while unhappiness grew and became permanent because of theological debates. The home and heart disturbances caused by such things cast a pall over what might have been a happy childhood and youth. What often seems to be right to the head of a household is mockery and sacrilege to the mother who has never said nay, though the labors of life and the troubles of maternity have been placed heavily upon her.

God only knows whether these things purify our lives and benefit us, but those of us who know anything about it are well aware that they banish the joyousness of childhood and destroy the happiness of home. One cannot live in the atmosphere of a family or community sharply and bitterly divided upon religious or domestic questions, without knowing that hatreds are born of them surpassingly strange and intolerable. Given the most pure and sacred subject; add to this the most rugged and honest natures that could engage in disputes; surround them by the beauties of family and communal life, and the outgrowth of the rupture is as infernally bitter and uncompromising, indeed more so than a quarrel between two devils in hell. The constant contiguity of those who disagree, of necessity aggravates their differences, intensifies their dislikes, until the very sight of one another is a challenge to verbal or physical combat.

Women yield easily to the demands or representations of their husbands in matters of domestic economy and in those affairs which have to do with family or local pride or self-respect. But when it comes to religion, deep down in their hearts is a well of unreason which gushes to the surface as an everlasting spring of bitterness when their belief is denied or anyone seeks to change their faith. As a mother cannot recognize the ugliness of her offspring or see anything but beauty in her cripple, or acknowledge sin in one she loves, so with the same steadfastness she clings to her religion as being the only beautiful and true thing, no matter what

the world may say; no matter what the oppression may be; no matter what wrongs are inflicted upon her in her sacred name. This may not be true of all women, but it is true of the devotee, and nearly all the Roman Catholic women of French Canada are devotees.

Now we come to the right and wrong of the thing with some understanding of the local and domestic surroundings of the dispute, with a faint knowledge at least of the hearts and firesides which were disturbed by the creation of a new parish of Ste. Blaise. Let us put ourselves in the places of the overworked farmers who, dulled-eyed from weariness and bent with toil, looked upon their long narrow farms, mortgage-burdened and tax-ridden, hopeless of doing anything for their children if the accumulated and accumulating burdens were not decreased or the profits of their labor increased by a foreign war. If you or I were in the place of the *habitant* and heard announced that a special tax would be levied to build a church which we did not need, to erect a presbytery for a priest we did not invite, and to provide for expenses that we had not created, you or I would rise in rebellion. The people of the original parish rose in rebellion. Already they were giving a considerable percentage for the support of the old church, the old priest and the old order of things. These tithes are collected by law, and to

all the martyrs and the sweet saints who are so numerous in his calendar, that he will endure no such thing. The gentle wife grasps him by the arm and tells him that he must for the sake of the Church. He shakes off her hand, gentle and kindly as the *habitant* is to his wife, and tells her that he will see himself in purgatory before he will work his hands to the bone to build a church that he does not want, and to support a priest who is to be saddled upon him as if he, the *habitant*, were as senseless and helpless as the pony he is driving. The children begin to cry, the wife to weep; and mark you, there is a great difference between the crying of a child and the weeping of a wife.

So began the chapter that is not of to-day or yesterday, but has been an epoch in the history of almost every parish of Lower Canada. If the farmer be strong enough when he gets home, he unhitches his ponies and sullenly eats the simple meal which he has been taught is sufficient for his share in this world. In the evening he gathers together his friends or is gathered in by the village leader, and they decide to oppose the creation of the new parish. Perhaps in every home there is the same horror of sinning against God and the Mother Church; in every home there is the same weeping and weakness. Imagine the disputes, the appeals, the fears, that disturb

ever mark them as heretics amongst their neighbors.

Of late I have begun to esteem as highly, if not more highly than any other fellow-citizen, the French-Canadian who refuses to be coerced by his spiritual adviser. In half a dozen recent elections we have seen the terrors of excommunication held over the heads of those who dared to vote in political matters as their reason dictated, and yet the sturdy French-Canadian farmer has voted as he saw fit and told his *cure* to mind his own business. The strength and patriotism of such people should not be forgotten by those of us who live in a province where even the slight ties of partyism hold us together even when we know our party is wrong. I shall never hear of an election in Quebec where the mandate of the Church is a feature, as it nearly always is, without thinking of the twelve families of Ste. Blaise.

In the death of Edgar W. Nye, America loses a humorist characteristic of the New World, and I a friend for whom I had much regard. "Bill" Nye was a man much misunderstood, and though the majority of critics will say that he was not a genuine humorist, those acquainted with his work when he was on the old Laramie *Boomerang* in a far Western town, free from the pressure of syndicates and the contract to do so much per day, will

to himself at that time, and fortunately for his reputation did not write syndicate matter. Mark Twain found an unexplored field and was wondrously funny, though he, too, was accused of irreverence. Becoming anxious to be rich, he overworked his vein of humor and wrote many poor things, and though he has left books that will not soon be forgotten he was financially ruined in the race for wealth. Poor "Bill" Nye has left nothing that he will be remembered by, but that should not discredit his humor. It may have been ephemeral, but after all, like butter and eggs, jokes will not stand age. I think "Bill" Nye's life had much of pathos in it. Grinding day and night at his work, lecturing and writing and traveling, he became a mere machine, his work degenerated and no doubt he degenerated with it, for a man cannot be a slave, even to his task, without showing the marks of his servitude. But let us remember that few men are more sorely tried or severely tempted than the newspaper humorist. They know that they will have no place in literature and are apt to profit as much as they can from the day's work. In such an impulse there is not the slightest tendency to greatness, yet only those who know how the happiness of others may induce a man to burn out his energies, can measure the blame or appreciate the goodness of heart which may have induced a man capable of greater things to make so many sacrifices for the present.

Talking of sacrifices for the present, it sometimes seems strange how people delude themselves into thinking that they are living for the future when, in fact, they are sordid creatures of to-day. The wealth that is to be ours, ten, twenty years hence, helps us slave through the tasks of the day. Our prospective enjoyment of the wealth is a present thing; that is to say, we work as we do for the enjoyment of thinking about what we are likely to get. After we get it we know we can't enjoy it, and unless the sensation were pleasant at the moment we would not make so many painful sacrifices in order to get rich. A large percentage of those who allege that they are sacrificing everything in this world in order to make sure of happiness in the world to come, are really getting their reward every day and are working for the daily sensation of contentment which they get out of their labor. The student rarely burns the midnight oil unless he finds his task pleasant. The greatness he achieves is the result not so much of self-sacrifice as of the fortunate thing for him that study was a pleasure and love of success a delight. Travelers who have undergone great hardships in the exploration of strange lands, probably found a pleasure in traveling or they would have stayed at home. There is no use disguising the fact that there is much cant in the declarations of those who claim to be making great sacrifices.

The person who makes the greatest sacrifices of anyone on earth is the mother. She will starve herself that her children may be fed, wear a faded gown that her children may be well clad, and work in the kitchen while her daughters play the piano that they may be cultured or thought of as such. Yet we never hear her talk about her sacrifices and we love her most because it was her pleasure and happiness to make those sacrifices.

The death of Mr. Hart A. Massey has elicited from the people of Toronto many sincere expressions of regard. That so much of his life was consumed in acquiring a large fortune need not suggest that it was not as full of enjoyment and contentment to him as if he had retired after obtaining a competency and given himself up to travel or some artistic pursuit. That he made his money by competing with other manufacturers and that he was a shrewd business man, as all must be who are successful, cannot be alleged as proof that he was a hard master or forgetful of the interests of those dependent upon him. There are always envious ones who decry the rich and belittle the gifts of those who have much to give. It seems to me that we should judge men mostly by such public acts as indicate the chief pleasures they obtain out of their money. Those who have money and give it to the poor without ostentation have every reason for being judged as thoughtful of the wants of those who are badly clothed and poorly fed. The late Mr. Massey can be regarded not only as a philanthropist in this respect, but also as a leading citizen who had thought for the religious education and the recreation and culture of the masses. The latter, it seems to me, is a higher form of philanthropy than the former. The state should see that no one starves or suffers for lack of shelter. This duty is already largely accepted by the authorities, but in a new country like this we can hardly expect to see the Government undertake the task of either providing a place for the better class of recreations or furnishing the recreations themselves, though France has taken the lead in this matter and gives state support to theaters, conservatories of music, etc. Mr. Massey took the initiative in this country and provided the Massey Hall. It was a gift so timely that we are apt to forget the kindness of the thought which provided Toronto with a thing so much needed. However, as long as it stands and is administered for the good and recreation of the people, Mr. Massey's name will be gratefully remembered, though many may think that some of the donations set forth in his will might well have been towards endowing the hall and making it less of a business enterprise.

The Canadian idea is growing strong in this



ALPHONSE DAUDET.

avoid them many Quebec farmers have quit raising wheat and turned their farms into meadows, for hay cannot be assessed for ecclesiastical purposes. It is an old saying in the Province of Quebec that a farmer has to go to market with his horse belly-deep in mud while he goes to mass in a fifty-thousand-dollar church. This is true, both of the roads and churches of Quebec. Bearing this in mind, sit in your pew and listen to the bishop's order that you must not only pay your tithes, but contribute to the building of the new church, the new presbytery. Get in your wagon with your wife and children; drive your ponies home through roads that would swallow up anything or anybody less vigorous than a French-Canadian horse or a Lower Canadian farmer; discuss with her the abomination of such a law, the oppression of the new tax; listen to her gentle expostulation that it is all for the Church and that if it be somewhat difficult to bear in this life it will add to the beauties of the next! Hope dwells eternal in the human breast the poet has told us, and the hymn-writer has given us a delightful point of connection with the sweet By and By, but the men folks and field workers as well as those who toil in offices, warehouses and stores have a decided preference for the sweet Now and Now. How to raise this new tax and buy new clothes or do what is necessary for the family, is a problem that the *habitant* was already unable to solve before this new burden was put upon him. He, homeward bound from the announcement, makes vows by

those firesides. Remember, too, that their lives are simple, their emotions strong, and their faith great. Resistance means the refusal to them of the sacrament, refusal of sacred rites attending marriage, baptism or burial. The one refusing to accept the mandate of the Church is an outcast, looked upon with open hostility by the priest and silent aversion by those who would rather submit to wrong than suffer the penalty of independence. It is easy to imagine the head of a family yielding. The priests know thoroughly well the extraordinary influences of the Church and family life which they can bring to bear upon a rebellious parishioner, and they can afford to wait. As a man drops out of the circle which resolved to hold aloof and renounce the Church if the injustice be persisted in, he is marked, and between him and his irreconcilable neighbor a great gulf is fixed. Lovers and sweethearts are divided, wives and their parents cease having communication. Children use abusive epithets at school!

For years this sort of thing has been going on in the parish of Ste. Blaise, yet twelve families came out, renounced their religion, and joined the heretofore hated mission of Grand Ligne. Nothing more need be said to explain how great is the injustice, the tyranny and unbearable arrogance of the priests in Quebec, than that twelve families survived for years this terrible social and religious pressure and at last took the step which will for-

admit that funnier things were never written than many of his sketches. His point of view was different from that of the ordinary writer, and though he could not lecture or make his good material cover the number of columns that he engaged to write in later years, he still evolved the quaintest and most original expressions of any writer of his day. He is generally charged with irreverence, but he was not irreverent. His point of view was absolute sincerity and that was the secret of his originality. From this point of view he saw things and said things which to some were shocking. He saw his friends from the same outlook, spoke in the same tone of voice, and consequently was by no means popular amongst that class of journalists who say pretty things in order to have prettier ones said in return. No matter how in later years he "padded" his work in order to make it fill the required space, his point of view was always the same, and it seemed to me almost always right.

Frightfully mangled years ago in an accident, he never had the strength or virility that he possessed before he was hurt. Yet tempted into money-making, he labored far beyond the limits of prudence and died before he was old. In his latter years he did justice to himself in no respect, but his sin was the great sin of America—trying to do too much and to make too much. Artemus Ward died young, the prince of humorists and the father of the American school of funny men. He had all the territory and the whole business

country—the idea of a united people moving steadily forward no longer divided into warring bands of various nationalities. One cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that never in the history of the country has there been so strong an impulse towards union and a doing away with those sentimental divisions and race fences that have so long existed. This was neatly shown at a public meeting held in a certain place the other day. One of the local speakers was of German origin and he took pride in saying that he was a Canadian. He knew no race or creed in this country—all are Canadians. A subsequent speaker, by way of compliment, alluded to this gentleman as "our good German friend," whereupon the first speaker interrupted, "Canadian, if you please," and the spontaneous and hearty applause that greeted this correction would have convinced anyone that an entirely new and saving impulse has come to life in this Dominion. There is evidence of it in plenty from one end of Canada to the other.

Another evidence was found in the Massey Hall meeting on Saturday night. The Toronto readers of this paper were there and SATURDAY NIGHT is always proud to see its friends in a public meeting. The one on Saturday night was said to be the finest ever held in Ontario.

### Social and Personal.

Among the things Toronto people are doing abroad, I hear of a *coterie* of well known ladies attending the Court Ball at Dresden, that charming city in Saxony, where Americans love to dwell. The ball was given the first week in February, and the transatlantic guests quite took the shine out of the stylish people of Saxony. Mrs. Smart, whose handsome home on Jarvis street has so long awaited the return of its mistress, wore a Paris gown of moonlight blue, with point lace and some splendid diamonds. Miss Mabel Smart's dress of pink satin came also from the city of perfect costumes. Miss Mary Mara, who took a small vacation from incessant study in Leipzig to join Mrs. Smart's party for the ball, also wore a pink gown. I hear the Canadians thoroughly enjoyed the function and are delighted with the simple cordiality of the exalted host and his household.

I looked in on Wednesday on the ladies' class in the gymnasium of the Athletic Club. There was a group of girls dashing up a spring board and jumping higher and higher over a cord; here was a plump-calved, dainty-ankled girl swinging in mid-air from ring to ring; there a matron wiggling over and under bars like an eel, and a scrap of a midged hanging head down from a horizontal bar, with her short petticoat reversed and hiding her face, while her bloomed knees crooked tight to the bar and her long waving tresses swept the floor. Away up on a horizontal ladder crept a fearless maiden who begged, "Some one throw me the rope," and when the long dangling cable was swung up to her she put her toe in the noose at the end, and holding the cable by one hand went sailing across through space with a tremendous swing that made my hair stand up. When she slackened down she said, with a bound to the floor, "Oh, if people knew what fun we have up here!" And, always knitting and keeping a watchful eye on girls, young matrons and wee, up-ended mites, sits the white-haired chaperone, quite the sweetest thing of all.

The opera in New York will coax some of our music-lovers away next week. I am sorry to hear that Nordica, "whom everyone loves," has been quite indisposed for some time. Her substitute did not at all satisfy the people, who will have, in certain roles, Nordica or nothing. There has been quite a sensation down there on account of the refusal of the Metropolitan Opera House artists to sing in a programme including the famous Yvonne Guilbert. *La merchaute* was furious at the snub and said some saucy things. The divine Sarah is also in the scrimmage they say, and it would be worth a fiver to hear just what the two Parisiennes could say to one another. Without doubt it would be breath which would fail, and never vocabulary.

Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge returned from Ottawa last week.

Dr. Lachlan McFarlane, whose genial and much loved presence has cheered and restored so many sufferers, still continues in a very weak state since the unfortunate blood-poisoning *contretemps* suffered in a professional duty.

The Misses Dixon of 216 Wellesley street gave a pleasant party and dramatic entertainment to a large number of friends last Tuesday. Miss Stewart of Bobaygeon is their guest for the season.

Mrs. J. F. Young of Howard street gave an At Home last week, at which her talented son, Master Michael Young, delighted the guests with his singing.

The French Club met at Mrs. S. G. Beatty's last Saturday evening and one of the season's finest gatherings was, as I anticipated, assembled to spend a pleasant and interesting evening. The hostess, who has been one of the grippes numerous victims recently, was her own charming self again for the occasion. Rather unusually interesting was the menu provided for the intellectual feast. An excellent reading from Lamartine; a charming song, Ninon, by M. Rocherou de la Sabliere; another by M. Mercier, and much bright and clever conversation made the evening pass too quickly. The Club meets next week, March 7, at the residence of Mrs. Benjamin, 337 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Lount, who has been so long an invalid, is now so far recovered as to be about among her friends again, looking as bright and bonnie as of old. It is scarcely possible to believe that she has ever been in the least *hors de combat*.

A very pretty affair took place on Friday evening of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Woodhouse, 5 Wilton crescent, it being the occasion of a party given by Miss Hattie Woodhouse to a large circle of friends. Besides the usual games, a mandolin quartette was present and rendered several pleasing selections. Miss Woodhouse as hostess per-

formed her duties in an admirable manner, nothing being left undone to ensure the enjoyment of all present. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Jones, Mrs. Fred Stevens of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. and Miss Silvester, Miss Raines, Miss Pearl Pringle, Miss Sweet, Miss Jennie and Mabel McBean, Miss D. Coulter, Miss Switzer, Miss J. Furness, Miss A. Briggs, Miss T. Montgomery, Miss Nelly Emmitt, Miss B. Beatty, Miss E. Moysey, Miss Kate Maxwell, Miss M. Gerrow, Miss C. Woodall, Miss B. Plaskett, Miss Etta Lennox, and Messrs. Fred Frost, George D. Pringle, W. Havill, George Bourne, George W. Ferrier, Harry Sparks, B. Moysey, L. Lumbers, E. Briggs, H. Hamby, W. McBean, C. Bodley, John Milligan, R. Green, W. H. and Charles McHardy and P. F. McBride.

The house of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston, 130 Dovercourt road, was the scene of a very smart dance on Friday evening of last week, the occasion being in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Frankie Johnston. Miss Johnston looked charming in white and lilies-of-the-valley. A large number of friends were present.

Miss Elsie Goodenow of Georgetown has been visiting Mrs. W. A. Fraser, Dovercourt road, for the past two weeks.

Miss Briscoe of Shannon street entertained a number of her friends last week. Progressive whist and dancing were thoroughly enjoyed and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mrs. G. Tate Blackstock is expected home to-day; happily her son is much better.

Miss Edith Richardson of Fleshterton returned home this week, after spending a fortnight with friends in town.

Miss Gertrude Bougard gave a smart hop at her residence, Pictonia, on Saturday evening last. Among those present were: Misses Jean Baker of Bradford, Penn., Jameson of Ottawa, Wood of Brockville, L. and M. Hadden of Port Wilson, Conger, Wright of Picton, and Wellbanks, Messrs. Nichol and Selwood of Listowel, Hillis of Brockville, Schutt of Colorado, Hutchinson and Baird of Ottawa, J. and C. Lindsay, Dewar, Piper, Lundy and F. E. N. Boulter.

Miss Mabel McCordick of St. Catharines is visiting with Mrs. C. Ladd Lugsdin of Euclid avenue.

The Misses Coldham of Madison avenue will receive only on the first and third Fridays of next month.

The Misses Brady of Gloucester street gave a progressive cynch party last week for their sister, Miss Lizzie, who has since then returned to Chicago, after spending a pleasant vacation of two months among her many friends.

Mr. Thomas Wright, accompanied by Mr. George Wright, arrived in New York on Saturday last by the Campanian. He is expected to be home by the latter end of this week.

The members of the Ramblers' Cycle Club and their friends spent a most enjoyable evening last Friday at their third annual At Home, which was held in the Confederation Life building. The spacious ball-room and halls were nicely decorated with large palms, and bunting in the colors of the Club, old gold, crimson and black, among which a number of handsome wheels proved most effective as a means of suggestive decoration, while the rendezvous were marked by the emblems of the different bicycle clubs of the city. There were about three hundred present, not a few of them having evidently been at the Albani concert, as they came up rather late. The numbers on the programme were well selected and well rendered and at twelve o'clock a sumptuous supper was served.

A familiar figure in smart circles for the past year has been that of Mr. G. Aylmer Brooke, who left for Ottawa, where his brother resides, a short time ago. Many musical people and others miss the debonair little gentleman.

Mr. J. L. Kerr has resigned the management of the Globe Savings and Loan Company and will shortly remove to Montreal, having been appointed assistant manager for Canada of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company.

Mr. George Kerr gave an oyster supper to the Bank of Montreal Hockey Club at the Victoria on Saturday evening.

Mrs. B. M. Canniff of Portage la Prairie is in town on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Reynolds of 86 Major street. Misses Cora and Ethel Canniff, her daughters, are visiting Mrs. J. Beatty of 83 Grenville street.

Mrs. Todhunter of Wellesley street gives a matinee euchre next Wednesday from 2.30 to five o'clock.

Mrs. Dawson has been visiting for some time in Montreal, and has taken part in many social events. A very fashionable function on a small scale, in Montreal, is the ladies' luncheon, and most enjoyable and smart affairs of that sort abound at present.

Miss Snively, superintendent of the General Hospital, and Miss Louise Brent, superintendent of Grace Hospital, have returned from Philadelphia, where they have been representing those institutions at the annual convention of the International Association of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles of the Queen's Park gave a large dinner on Friday evening of last week.

Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat entertained a number of friends at dinner on Friday evening.

The *Canadian Gazette* records the appointment of Mr. A. D. Caron to the office of private secretary to Sir Charles Rivers Wilson. This event took place some weeks ago and "Paddy's" numerous friends in Toronto have long since sent congratulations over sea to the popular only son of the Postmaster-General.

The noon services at St. James' attract, as usual, a very large number of society people, who are now free from the claims of this world to devote time to more serious considerations. Matron and maid, with a devout following of

the masculine persuasion, throng into the gray doors of the parish church, and get it hot from the Canon on the score of various little weaknesses.

In the National Skating Palace, Argyle street, London, Eng., there was recently a hockey match, Great Britain vs. Canada, and the Britishers won by four goals to two. The Canadian players were: Surgeon Lieut.-Col. A. T. Barrow (goal), Messrs. G. Celany, M. Stanton, G. A. Meagher and Capt. St. John Milder. In the name of Canada I call upon these gentlemen to play a return match and win it.

Miss Whittaker, who has been visiting Mrs. Armstrong and the Misses Coldham, returned home some time ago to prepare for her marriage on the twelfth of next month.

To-day being Leap Year Day, February 29, a number of small affairs have been arranged in celebration of the extra hours of '96. Most of these are confined to or managed by the fair sex.

A very pretty At Home was given by Mrs. Henry O'Hara at her residence, Carlton and Berkeley streets, on Thursday of last week in honor of her guest, Miss Cutting of New York city. The house was tastefully decorated, pink predominating, and an orchestra added to the harmony of the occasion. Mrs. O'Hara was assisted by Miss O'Hara, Miss Cutting and Mrs. Gerrie-Smith of Hamilton. Misses Eby, Hutchinson, White, Mairs, Perry, Dora McMurtry, Violet Smith, Withrow and Copp presided at the buffet. Later in the evening the young people present enjoyed a short dance.

Mrs. Murton of Oshawa is visiting Mrs. Charles Ritchie of Avenue road.

A flood of sympathetic feeling has set this week toward the East Side, where the much stricken family of the late Mr. Scott are now mourning the sad loss of Mrs. Cockshutt, the married daughter of the house. This second blow falls with additional pathos, as the marriage of Miss Scott and Mr. Bull had been arranged for a very near date, all unwitting of the sorrows ready to postpone it.

Mrs. W. C. House, jr. (nee Morphy), of Detroit, is visiting Miss Florence Small of Moss Park.

Mrs. Trow of 12 Earl street gave a tea on Wednesday, February 19. The unpropitious day did not much affect the attendance, and her pretty parlors were well filled. Mrs. Trow was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. G. B. Smith, and a quartette of pretty waitresses assisted Miss Smith, sister of the hostess, at the buffet, which was prettily decorated in yellow.

Mrs. Gerald FitzGerald will receive at her home, 102 St. Vincent street, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 4, 5 and 6.

Doctor John Sangster Atkinson of Gananoque died on February 21 at the residence of his brother-in-law, Lieut.-Col. Moore, in Hamilton. The deceased gentleman was actively engaged in the practice of his profession until some months ago, when he came west for medical treatment and rest. The best medical skill in Canada, besides that of Dr. Osler—the eminent authority on the heart—of Baltimore, was unavailing to arrest the steady progress of the disease with which he was suffering. Dr. Atkinson was a man of large and varied experience in his profession—always a student and literary in his tastes. His death will be sincerely lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends to whom he was endeared through the possession of a genial and lovable disposition. He leaves a widow, and his other immediate relatives are, his mother, Mrs. William Atkinson of Huron street and Prince Arthur avenue, and his brothers, Dr. E. L. Atkinson of Gananoque and Atkinson Bros. of this city.

Mrs. Dawson, who has been in Montreal, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Magee, daughter of Mr. James Magee of London, is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Beardmore have gone to England and the Continent for an extended trip. Thus one more of the ladies who contributed to much of the success of the riding competition at the Horse Show last year, has taken her departure. Miss Louie James leaves immediately for Germany; Mrs. James Carruthers is in Mexico; Miss Cawthra somewhere in Eastern or Southern Europe, or maybe Africa; Mrs. Kerr is in England; as Trilby sings, "There are left Ben, but you, boy, and I." But who knows what unsuspected grace, pluck and talent may rise to the demand when the days of fickle April draw nigh?

The Misses Mackenzie have left Dresden and are in Berlin. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie and their younger daughters are now on their way to join the two elder girls on the Continent.

Mr. Goldie Howland, who has suffered such a long and tedious illness in Grace Hospital, was well enough last week to be taken in charge by friends. I hear he is now with Mrs. Edward Blake at her home on Jarvis street.

Madame Albani was cordially welcomed last week in Toronto, though we do not enthrone to the extent of dragging her carriage through the streets. Flowers were plentifully in evidence at the concert, at which a regular gala crowd filled the fine concert hall on Shuter street. On Saturday evening an Albani dinner was given by the ever-hospitable host and hostess of Government House. On Sunday, the Diva also came in to supper, that most delightful meal of the week.

One of the numerous June weddings which I am hearing lots of talk about will be that of Miss Mattie Lee and Mr. Harry Beatty.

An epidemic of engagements has broken out in a certain bright young set in society. Those still unpaired vote it most tiresome.

By the way, an engagement has been rumored recently between a rich widow, now *en voyage* very far away, and a well known society man. There are two rich widows and two society

men, and you may select whichever couple you fancy most likely to be victims of Cupid. I shall be more than surprised if any of them fulfill your expectations, but as Saunders used to say, "There ain't no tellin'."

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason intend opening up Ermeleigh in April. This will be welcome news for their friends, who have greatly missed their host and hostess during the winter.

Hall Caine's Scapegoat was discussed last Wednesday evening by the members of the Toronto Jewish Literary and Social Union. Several very able papers on the different characters portrayed in the work were read, the better ones being that of Rev. A. Lazarus on the character Israel, the Scapegoat, and that of Mrs. B. Wolfe. This was followed by a discussion on the papers read before the Union and on the literary value of the book as a whole.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra have been in Washington and elsewhere during the past week. I hear Mrs. Burnham is with them, having decided to consult Southern specialists about an annoying chest affection.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest McConkey and Miss Mills will take place on Wednesday next, I believe at the residence of the bride's parents on the East side.

Splendid sleighing has given smart sleighs and handsome pairs a chance of an airing on every afternoon this week. The streets are, in early evening, resonant with the sound of the blatant tin horn and the merry chime of the bells on the four-in-hand sleighs which have carried so many smart parties this and last week.

Miss Annie Richardson of the Toronto College of Music School of Elocution gave a recital in the College hall on Thursday evening, being assisted by the vocal pupils of Signor Tesseman. Miss Richardson again proved herself one of the most gifted of Toronto elocutionists and greatly pleased an audience composed very largely of people possessed of a keen discrimination.

Mrs. Kemp of Wellesley crescent threw open her beautiful home on Thursday afternoon of last week to a large party of guests for afternoon tea.

Mrs. McConnell of Jarvis street has been laid up for the past fortnight with an attack of gripple.

Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald have been home for some time.

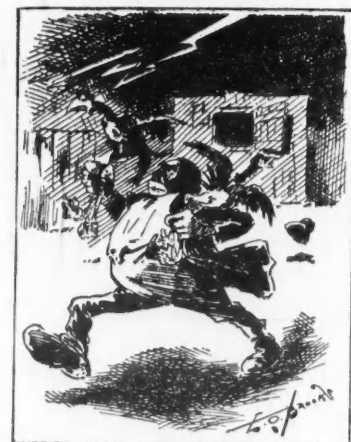
Captain Arthur Sweetman has been home on the sick list for some weeks from Stanley Barracks. I am glad to hear he is now better.

Grenville Kleiser left last Monday on a reading tour to California. He will appear in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, Portland and other large Western cities.

Colonel Fred Denison is continuing to improve and gains weight daily. Those whom the doctors doom most definitely, sometimes surprise their medicines pleasantly. For instance, Mr. Burnham of Grosvenor street should never have gotten better, but happily he did, and is now down at business.

Talking of doctors, those ambulance lectures are exciting very much more interest than even the most sanguine had hoped. Mrs. John D. Hay has organized a large class, and I believe Mrs. Davidson has also done the same. A real good must follow the plain practical instruction imparted at these lectures.

### A Gentle Reminder.



Golly! Dat reminds me ez how I've heern tell dat steal 'tracts lightnin'. Guess I better be gittin' out o' here.

### Royal Smokers.

The following are the favorite varieties of the weed consumed by royal smokers: The German Emperor consumes an extraordinary number of cigarettes daily. The Czar smokes a pipe, as does old King Albert of Saxony. King Humbert of Italy is a "chain" smoker, and keeps one strong cigar going after another all day long. Archduke Joseph of Austria smokes a cherry-wood pipe. King Leopold of Belgium clings tenaciously to his briar pipe. The Emperor of Austria smokes so-called "Virginia cigars," which, being manufactured of the rankest tobacco at Trieste, have straws running through them to make them draw.

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Social and Personal.

At no time does the lack of invention in our society pursuits strike me more forcibly than just now, when, the round of formal dances and conversations being ended, the weary world yawns through six weeks of enforced self-association. How stupid we are in Toronto! Now would be the time to initiate many a new plan of diversion, now the day of salvation from ennui and vapors, but what does one find? A few progressive euchres, lacking every grace of novelty and growing yearly more accursed of the society man, and his bear-leader, the society woman; a few dinners, with the same old courses, the same old decorations, the same girls drinking wine they are not accustomed to, the same old ladies developing complexions rivaling Norwegian sunsets, the same old beaux with the same old stories, the same aftermath of scandal and criticism. It's positively soporific, the dead deadness of it. Then there are the sleighing parties, with cold feet and cramped knees, the disembarking from the menagerie van, stiff and weary, and the extraordinary supper at the country inn, or the somewhat unripe hospitality of the new rendezvous at the County and Hunt Club house. That is *new*, at all events, for which thanks should be given. There might have been glorious tobogganing parties, but no one enthused enough to hunt up a good slide or fix up the old one. "What's the use?" said they, turning over for another yawn and a tenth cup of tea. The Skating Club might have rivalled Ottawa with a fancy dress evening which would have given a dash of new flavor to the social stew, but new flavors are things abhorred by the social palate of our precious city. Let us go on in the old, old way! One of the suggestions at the commencement of the past season was a Cotillion Club to number one hundred and with the privilege of inviting an equal number of guests. There was a delightful ball-room, charming music, plenty of people, but did it materialize? Nay, verily; just as soon as the matter was mooted a prickly barricade of prejudice, temper, jealousy, criticism, all the worst thorns on the social tree were pointed at the promoters, until, dear creatures, they confessed themselves afraid to make a single move in the organizing of the affair. Now, a cotillion gives infinite scope for variety and originality, and surely there must be a modicum of these welcome features hidden somewhere in Toronto society. We have also several handsome men who would be ideal leaders in a cotillion if they dared; but the cold drip of non-interest would be emptied upon them, or the hot, sharp sting of criticism, and they would freeze or burn up the most pachydermatous man extant. It is this carping, narrow, stupid, owlish attitude which sits so unlovely upon our well-meaning people in general, and any combat of which rouses their ire. I was reading the other day a screed by some Eastern scribe, congratulating his readers that their enterprise had broken bounds and evolved—what do you think? The library party! as a diversion original and absorbing. Better than this would be the whist party on the west coast, which I read of to-day and which ended in a guess as to how long a candle had been burning, and what one's neighbor was thinking of. The last game, by the way, might be the means of a good deal of fun, were audacity and perception allowed *cartes blanches*. "What fools these mortals be" might express the correct mental process in expression by many. We have had this winter the popular and select Dancing Club, which closed its season with a very charming *soiree dansante* in St. George's Hall. What has it been but a series of meetings in half a dozen well known houses, the same programme time after time, not even an attempt at anything original, not even an engagement, so far as I have heard, as the result of the winter's propinquity? Stay, though, I am going too fast. I have been told—but, then, I promised never to mention it! To quit debatable ground and return to our nuttoms! We have had an utterly uninteresting winter, socially considered; in fact, we have lost our ground somewhat, for the hated outsider has invaded our circle on more than one occasion and stolen his prey. And now what remains to us but to study the fashions for our Easter gowns and bonnets, and sit patiently waiting for spring and the Horse Show? The only Lenten rite which one hears about is the course of lectures at brave old Trinity, of which the first took place last Saturday on Imogen. Canon Sutherland had the right sort of audience to appreciate him, and no doubt the interest aroused will carry through the series, which proceeds this afternoon to dissect Beatrice; on March 7 Lady Macbeth will take her medicine; Rosalind, the charming, will have Roentgen rays cast upon her on March 14, and Perdita on March 21 is reserved for the final dissection. That all this is good for us goes without saying, and afterwards there is to be a Shakespeare evening, a sort of drawing-room, where the guests will appear in costumes of Shakespeare's heroines, and where, said a lady to me yesterday, "I suppose there will be several dozen Portias!" Indeed, that remark was and is responsible for this tirade against indifference and cry for originality.

Lient. MacInnes, son of Senator MacInnes of Hamilton, Ont., was one of the officers serving in the Ashanti expedition, and the Senator last week received a long letter from his son. The Lieutenant fell ill after the march to Coomassie and had to be at once removed to the coast and placed on a troopship leaving for England. When the vessel reached Gibraltar the sick officer was removed to the military hospital and is now said to be recovering.

Mrs. Curry of North street gave a very smart progressive last Friday evening.

Mrs. Gibson of Deer Park gave a progressive euchre party last evening.

All this week people have been eagerly wending their way to Massey Hall, where an Irishman of goodly presence and many inches has been firing broadsides into our little sins. The name of the evangelist—Grubb—has not the mellifluous nor reverend tone one could wish, but his inches, his brogue and his advice are all above proof. I have placed the three



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HEAVY shipments bought for last fall's trade, but owing to delay in manufacture only delivered now. Manufacturers make large concessions, which we in turn give to you, almost cutting regular prices in two. All the most popular patterns will be found with us.

Limoges China Plates, reg. price 35c, for 20c; 40c, for 25c; 50c, for 35c.  
Cake Trays, reg. price \$1, for .75  
Pin Trays, reg. price 20c, for 15c  
Sardine Trays, reg. price 60c, for 40c  
Pin Boxes, reg. price 30c, for 20c  
Teacups and Saucers, reg. price 30c, for 25c  
Chocolate Saucers, reg. price 50c, for 35c

Coffee Saucers, reg. price 75c, for .45  
Covered Butters, reg. price \$1.25, for .75  
Cheese Bells, reg. price \$2, for \$1.25  
Ring Stands, reg. price 30c, for 25c  
Candy Trays, reg. price 40c, for 25c  
Salads, reg. price 30c, for 20c  
Teapots, reg. price \$1.25, for .75  
Sugars, reg. price 30c, for 20c  
Creams, . . . . . 20c

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BANQUETS and PARTIES

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in about the order they take in the average mind, particularly the average feminine mind.

Every town and village within hundreds of miles of Toronto has recently been holding an annual ball, assembly or merry-making of some kind. Most of these events are carefully written up by the local papers and copies sent to me requesting insertion. If I had this week simply inserted reports sent with such requests, the whole of SATURDAY NIGHT's society columns would have been insufficient to contain the chronicles, or rather one quarter of them. I trust my suburban friends will accept this explanation.

The Oshawa piano factory ball has the well earned reputation for pleasant success. It was held as usual this month, the R. S. Williams Employees' Mutual Aid Society being the organization in charge of the function. The day following the ball a holiday was observed at the factory.

Happy Mount, the spacious residence of Mrs. Savage, Weston, never looked more beautiful than on Shrove Tuesday evening, when Mrs. and the Misses Savage entertained about forty of their friends at a progressive euchre, followed by a dance.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper of Owen Sound is visiting friends in Toronto.

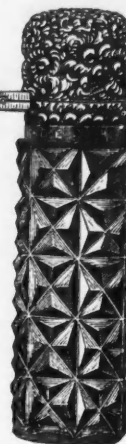
Mrs. McKinnon of Jarvis street gave a smart luncheon to a number of ladies on Thursday of last week.

A delightful At Home given by the Misses Allen of 30 Murray street on the evening of Friday of last week was largely attended. A few of the invited guests present were: Dr. and Mrs. Clelland, Miss Burkholder of Hamilton, Dr. McCallum, Miss Truss, Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, Mr. and Miss Mason, Dr. Borland, Dr. Smith, Dr. Watson, the Misses McCarthy, Mr. Connelly, Miss Hocken, Misses Morrison, Tuthill, Bailey and Danter, and Messrs. Robinson, Sherer, Sinclair, Hay and Allen. The programme of dances was not over until 3:30, when the kind hostesses were bidden adieu with sincere regret. The Leap Year waltz was a very amusing diversion, some of the gentlemen who were mischievously "unsolicited" making very rueful wall-flowers.

By the way, I heard a good thing from a dashing North-West visitor one day lately. The man said: "Some weeks ago I was traveling and came across Mr. A—. By his account I concluded his daughter was the only woman in Toronto who could drive. Later on I dined at Mr. B—'s, and by Jove, his daughter is the only Jehu who deserves mention. Last week I played poker with Mr. C—, and his sister soon usurped the first place. Yesterday Mr. D— told me of his wife's successes, and by Jove, she seems to have the blue ribbon." Then, pulling his mustache in perplexity, the man from the North-West demanded: "What do you think of that?" and there was no answer.

On Friday, February 14, the annual meeting of the Boys' Home interested a number of society people. The reading of reports and other business was followed by a tea in the board-room. Among the visitors were His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski and many other prominent people. The Lieutenant-Governor was chairman of the meeting. The tea-tables were very prettily arranged and decorated with jonquils.

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Le Minuet de la Ball. The latest and best minuet composition of the day.

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Ladies requiring additional hair for Coiffures should inspect our large, and best assorted stock of fine

LONG HAIR SWITCHES

Gents' Toupees and Wigs made to order. Why go bald-headed and be the laughing-stock of others when we can make you a fine natural-looking Toupee which will be a decided improvement in personal appearance! Besides, it will be a protector from cold in the head. Don't be shy. Let them laugh and talk until they are bald themselves, then you will have the best of them.

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Ladies, Children and Gents' Manicure Parlors.

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## CHAPTER XII.

## LADY FAREHAM'S DAY.

A month later the Oxford Gazette brought Lady Fareham the welcome news that she had read for ever so long. The London death-rate had decreased, and his majesty had gone to Hampton Court, attended by the Duke and Prince Rupert, Lord Clarendon, and his other indispensable advisers, and a retinue of servants, to be within easy distance of that sturdy soldier Albemarle, who had remained in London, unafraid of the pestilence, and who declared that while it was essential for him to be in frequent communication with his majesty it would be perilous to the interests of the State for him to absent himself from London, for the Dutch war had gone drizzling on ever since the victory in June, and that victory was not to be supposed final. Indeed, according to the General, there was need of speedy action and a considerable increase of his naval strength.

A week later Lady Fareham could do nothing but praise that severe weather which she had pronounced odious, for her husband, coming in from Oxford after a ride along the road, deep with melting snow, brought the news of a considerable diminution in the London death-rate; and the more startling news that his majesty had removed to Whitehall for the quicker despatch of business with the Duke of Albemarle, albeit the diminished rate of mortality still reckoned fifteen hundred deaths from the pestilence in the previous week, and although not a carriage appeared in the deserted streets of the metropolis except those in his majesty's train.

"How brave, how admirable!" cried Hyacinth, clapping her hands in the exuberance of her joy. "Then we can go to London to-morrow, if horses and coaches can be made ready. Give your orders at once, Fareham, I beseech you. The thaw has set in. There will be no snow to stop us."

"There will be floods which may make fords impassable."

"We can avoid every ford—there is always a detour by the lanes."

"Have you any idea what the lanes will be like after two feet deep of snow? Be sure, my love, you are happier twanging your lute by this fireside than you would be stuck in a quagmire, perishing with cold in a windy coach."

"I will risk the quagmires and the windy coach. Oh, my lord, if you ever loved me, let us set out to-morrow! I languish for Fareham House—my basset-table, my friends, my watermen to wait for me and to fro between Blackfriars and Westminster, the Middle Exchange. I have not bought myself anything pretty since Christmas. Let us go to-morrow."

"And risk spoiling the prettiest thing you own—your face—by a plague-spot."

"The King is there—the plague is ended."

"Do you think he is a god, that the pestilence will flee at his coming?"

"I think his courage is godlike. To be the first to return to that abandoned city."

"What of Monk and the archbishop, who never left it?"

"A rough old soldier! A churchman! Such lives were meant to face danger. But his majesty! A man for whom existence should be one long holiday!"

"He has done his best to make it so; but the pestilence has shown him that there are grim realities in life. Don't fret, dearest. We will go to town as soon as it is prudent to make the move. Kings must brave great hazards, and there is no reason that little people like us should risk our lives because the necessities of State compel his majesty to imperil his."

The next week justified Lady Fareham's assertion. As soon as it was known that the King had established himself in Whitehall, the great people came back to their London houses, and the town began to fill. It was as if a god had smiled upon the smitten city, and that healing and happiness radiated from the golden halo around that anointed head. Was not this the monarch of whom the most eloquent preacher of the age had written, "In the arms of whose justice and wisdom we lie down in safety?"

London flung off her cerements—erased her plague-marks; the dead-cart's dreadful bell no longer sounded in the silence of an afflicted city. Coffins no longer stood at every other door; the pits at Finsbury, in Tothill Fields, at Islington, were all filled up and trampled down, and the grass was beginning to grow over the forgotten dead. The judges came back to Westminster. London was alive again—alive and healed; basking in the sunshine of royalty.

Nowhere was London more alive in the month of March than at Fareham House on the Thames, where the Fareham liveries of green and gold showed conspicuous upon his lordship's watermen, lounging about the stone steps that led down to the water, or waiting in the terraced garden, which was one of the finest on the river. Wherries of various weights and sizes

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filled one spacious boathouse, and in another handsome stone edifice with a vaulted roof Lord Fareham's barge lay in state, glorious in cream color and gold, with green velvet cushions and Oriental carpets, as splendid as that blue-and-gold barge which Charles had sent as a present to madame, a vessel to out-glitter Cleopatra's galley, when her ladyship and her friends and their singing-boys and musicians filled it for a voyage to Hampton Court.

The barge was used on festive occasions or for country voyages, as to Hampton or Greenwich; the wherries were in constant requisition. Along that shining water-way, rank and fashion, commerce and business, were moving backwards and forwards all day long. That more novel mode of transit, the hackney coach, was only resorted to in foul weather, for the legislature had handicapped the coaching trade in the interests of the watermen, and coaches were few and dear.

If Angela had loved the country, she was not less charmed with London under its altered aspect. All this gaiety and splendor, this movement and brightness, astonished and dazzled her.

The spring evenings were now mild enough for promenading St. James's Park, and the Mall was crowded night after night by the finest company in London. Hyacinth walked in the Mall, and appeared occasionally in her coach in Hyde Park; but she repeatedly reminded her friends how inferior was the mill-round of the ring to the procession of open carriages along the Cours la Reine, by the side of the Seine; the splendor of the women's dress, outshone sometimes by the extravagant decoration of their coaches and the richness of their liveries; the crowds of horsemen, the finest gentlemen in France, riding at the coach doors, and bandying jests and compliments, with beauty enthroned in her triumphal chariot. Oh, happy summer evenings of the golden past, when life and the world were new, when the rosy river blushed under the roseate sky, and the glittering spire of the Sainte Chapelle, flashing against an opal horizon, suggested the jeweled glories of the new Jerusalem. Gay, joyous sunsets, light laughter, delicate feasting in Renard's garden, hard by the Tuileries palace. To remember that fairer and different scene was to recall the freshness of youth, the romance of a first love.

Here in the Mall there was gaiety enough and to spare. A crowd of fine people that sometimes thickened to a mob, thronged by the city and starveling poets who came to stare at them. Here half the women went masked, as if ashamed of the place in which they joined. Here there were hustlings and jostlings, and rudenesses that led to quarrels, which finished in the fields behind Southampton House, or on the lonely wastes of Battersea, or by the river-side at Barn Elms.

Yet, since St. James's Park was fashion's favorite promenade, Lady Fareham affected it, and took a turn or two nearly every evening, alighting from her chair at one gate and returning to it at another, on her way to ball or dance. She took Angela with her; and De Malfort and Sir Denizil were generally in attendance upon them. Denizil's devotion stopping at nothing except a proposal of marriage, for which he had not mustered courage in a friendship that had lasted half a year.

"Because there was one so favored as Endymion, am I to hope for the moon to come down and give herself to me?" he said one day, when Lady Fareham had rebuked him for his reticence. "I know your sister does not love me, yet I hang on, hoping that love will come suddenly, like the coming of spring, which is ever a surprise. And even if I am never to win her, it is happiness to see her and to talk with her. I will not spoil my chance by rashness; I will not hazard banishment from her dear company. I would rather be her friend than any other woman's lover."

"She is lucky in such an admirer," sighed Hyacinth. "A silent, respectful passion is the rarest thing nowadays. The loveliest woman in London is not thought worth the patience of a long courtship. Well, you deserve to conquer, Denizil; and if my sister were not of the coldest nature I ever met in woman she would have returned your passion ages ago, when you were so much in her company at Chilton."

"I can afford to wait as long as the Greeks waited before Troy," said Denizil; "and I will be as constant as they were. If I cannot be her lover I can be her friend and her protector."

"Protector! Nay, surely she needs no protector out of doors, when she has Fareham and me within!"

"Beauty has always need of defenders."

"Not such beauty as Angela's. In the first place, her charms are of no dazzling order; and in the second, she has a coldness of temper and an old-fashioned wisdom which would safeguard her amidst the rabble rout of Comus. Indeed, I have sometimes thought her like the lady your friend describes."

"She has indeed—"

"The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended By a strong-riding champion, Conscience,"

—answered Denizil thoughtfully. "And I believe you are right, Lady Fareham. Temptation could not touch her. Sin, even the subtlest, could not so disguise itself that her purity would not take alarm. Yes, she is like Milton's lady. The tempter could not touch the freedom of her mind. Sinful love would wither at a look from those pure eyes."

He turned away suddenly and walked to the window

"Denzil, why, what is the matter? You are weeping!"

"Forgive me," he said, recovering himself.

"Indeed, I am not ashamed of a tributary tear to virtue and beauty like your sister's."

"Dear friend, I shall not be truly happy till I can call you brother."

She gave him both her hands and he bent down to kiss them.

"I swear you are losing all your Anabaptist stiffness. You will be ruffling it in Covent Garden with Buckhurst and his crew before long."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MILLBANK GHOST.

One of the greatest charms of London has ever been the facility of getting away from it to some adjacent rustic or pseudo rustic spot, and in 1666, though many people declared that the city had outgrown all reason, and was eating up the country, a two-mile journey would carry the Londoner from bricks and mortar, to rusticity, and while the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral was still within sight he might lie on the grass on a wild hillside and hear the skylark warbling in the blue arch above him, and scent the hawthorn blowing in untrimmed hedge-rows. And then there were the fashionable resorts—the gardens or the fields which the town had marked as its own. Beauty and wit had their choice of such meeting grounds between Westminster and Barn Elms, where in the remote solitudes along the river, murder might be done in strict accordance with etiquette, and was too seldom punished by law.

Among the rendezvous of fashion there was one retired spot less widely known than Fox Hall or the Mulberry Garden, but which possessed a certain repute, and was affected rather by the exclusives than by the crowd. It was a dilapidated building of immemorial age, known as the "haunted abbey," being in fact the refectory of a Cistercian monastery of which all other remains had disappeared long ago. The abbey had flourished in the lifetime of Sir Thomas More, and was mentioned in some of his familiar epistles. The ruined building had been used as a granary in the time of Charles I., and it was only within the last decade that it had been redeemed from that degraded use, and had been in some measure restored and made habitable for the occupation of an old couple, who owned the surrounding fields and who had a small dairy farm from which they sent fresh milk into London every morning.

The ghostly repute of the place and the attraction of new milk, cheese-cakes and syllabubs had drawn a certain number of those satiated pleasure-seekers who were ever on the alert for a new sensation, among whom there was no one more active or more noisy than Lady Sarah Tewkesbury. She had made the haunted abbey in a manner her own, had invited her friends to midnight parties to watch for the ghost, and to morning parties to eat syllabubs and dance on the grass. She had brought a shower of gold into the lap of the miserly freeholder, and had husband and wife completely under her thumb.

Doler, the husband, had fought in the Civil War, and Mrs. Doler had been a cook in the Fairfax household; but both had scrupulously sunk all Cromwellian associations since his majesty's return, and in boasting, as he often did boast, of having fought desperately and been left for dead at the Battle of Brentford, Mr. Doler had been careful to suppress the fact that he was a hireling soldier of the Parliament. He would weep for the martyred king and tell the story of his own wounds, until it is possible he had forgotten which side he had fought for in remembering his prowess and sufferings.

So far there had been disappointment as to the ghost. Sounds had been heard of a most satisfying grime, during those midnight and early morning watchings; rappings, and scrapings, and scratching on the wall, groanings and moanings, sighings and whisperings behind the wainscot; but nothing spectral had been seen, and Mrs. Doler had been severely reprimanded by her patrons and patronesses for the unwarrantable conduct of a spectre which she professed to have seen as often as she had fingers and toes.

It was the phantom of a nun—a woman of exceeding beauty, but white as the linen which banded her cheek and brow. There was a dark story of violated oaths, priestly sin, and the sleepless conscience of the dead which could not rest even in that dreadful grave where the sinner had been immured alive, but must needs haunt the footsteps of the living, a wandering shade. Some there were who disbelieved in the tradition of that living grave, and who even went so far as to doubt the ghost; but the spectre had an established repute of more than a century, was firmly believed in by all the children and old women of the neighborhood, and had been written about by students of the unseen.

One of Lady Sarah's parties took place at full moon, not long after the visit to Deptford, and Lord Fareham's barge was again employed, this time on a nocturnal expedition up the river to the fields near the haunted abbey, to carry Hyacinth, her sister, De Malfort, Lord Rochester, Sir Ralph Masaroon, Sir Denizil Warner, and a bevy of wits and beauties—beauties who had, some of them, been carrying on the beauty-business and trading in eyes and complexion for more than one decade, and who loved that night season when paint might be laid on thicker than in the glare of day.

The barge wore a much more festive aspect under her ladyship's management, than when used by his lordship for a daylight voyage like

the trip to Deptford. Satin coverlets and tapestry curtains had been brought from Lady Fareham's own apartments, to be flung with studied carelessness over benches and tabourets. Her ladyship's singing-boys and musicians were grouped picturesquely under a silken canopy in the bows, and a row of lanterns hung on chains festooned from stem to stern, pretty gewgaws, that had no illuminating power under that all-potent moon, but which glittered with colored light like jewels, and twinkled and trembled in the summer air.

A table in the stern was spread with a light collation, which gave an excuse for the display of parcel-gilt cups, silver tankards, and Venetian wine flasks. A fountain played perfumed waters in the midst of this splendor, and it amused the ladies to pull off their long gloves, dip them in the scented water, and flip them in the faces of their beaux.

The distance was only too short, since Lady Fareham's friends declared the voyage was by far the pleasanter part of the entertainment. Denizil, among others, was of this opinion, for it was his good fortune to have secured the seat next Angela, and to be able to interest her by his account of the buildings they passed, whose historical associations were much better known to him than to most young men of his epoch. He had sat at the feet of a man who scoffed at pope and king, and hated episcopacy, but who revered all that was noble and excellent in England's past.

Lady Sarah received them at the landing-stage, with an escort of fops and fine ladies; and the festival promised to be a success. There was a better supper, and more wine than people expected from her ladyship, and after supper a good many of those who pretended to have come to see the ghost, wandered off in couples to saunter along the willow-shaded bank, while only the more earnest spirits were content to wait and watch, and listen in the great vaulted hall, but with no light but the moon, which sent a flood of silver through the high Gothic window, from which every vestige of glass had long vanished.

There were stone benches along the two side walls, and Lady Sarah's provoyance had secured cushions or carpets for her guests to sit upon, and here the superstitious sat in patient weariness, Angela among them, with Denizil still at her side, scornful of credulous folly, but loving to be with her adored. Lady Fareham had been tempted out of doors by De Malfort to look at the moonlight on the river, and had not returned. Rochester and his crew had also vanished directly after supper, and for company Angela had on her left hand Mr. Dubbin, far advanced in liquor, and trembling at every breath of summer wind that fluttered the ivy around the ruined window, and at every shadow that moved upon the moonlit wall. His wife was on the other side of the hall, whispering with Lady Sarah, and both so deep in a court scandal—in which "the K" and "the D" recurred very often—that they had almost forgotten the purpose of that moonlit sitting.

Suddenly in the distance there sounded a long shrill wailing, as of a soul in agony, whereupon Mr. Dubbin, after clinging wildly to Angela, and being somewhat roughly flung aside by Denizil, collapsed altogether, and rolled upon the ground.

"Lady Euphemia," cried Mrs. Townshend, a young lady who had been sitting next the obnoxious citizen, "be pleased to look after your drunken husband. If you take the low-bred sot into company, you should at least charge yourself with the care of his manners."

The Danish had started to her feet, and indignantly snatched her satin petticoat from contact with the citizen's porpoise figure.

"I hate mixed company," she told Angela, "and old maids who marry tallow-chandlers. If a woman of rank marries a shopkeeper she ought never to be allowed west of Temple Bar."

The young lady was no believer in ghosts, but others of the company were too scared for words. All had risen, and were staring in the direction whence that dismal shriek had come. A trick, perhaps, since anybody with strong lungs—dairymaid or cowboy—could shriek. They all wanted to see something, a real manifestation of the supernatural.

The unearthly sound was repeated, and the next moment a shape, vague in flowing white garments, rushed through the great window, and crossed the hall, followed by three other shapes in dark loose robes, with hooded heads; one carried a rope, another a pickaxe, the third a trowel and hod of mortar. They crossed the hall with flying footsteps—shadowlike—the pale shape in distracted flight, the dark shapes pursuing, and came to a stop close against the wall, which had been cleared by the affrighted assembly, scattering as if the king of terrors had appeared among them—yet with fascinated eyes fixed on those fearsome figures.

"It is the nun herself!" cried Lady Sarah, apprehension and triumph contending in her agitated spirits; for it was surely a feather in her ladyship's cap to have produced such a phantasmal train at her party. "The nun and her executioners!"

The company fell back from the ghostly troop, recoiling till they were all clustered against the opposite wall, leaving a clear space in front of the spectres, whence they looked on, shuddering at the tragedy of the erring sister's fate, repeated in dumbshow. The white-robed figure knelt and groveled at the feet of those hooded executioners. One seized and bound her with strange phantasmal action, unlike the movements of living creatures, and another smote the wall with a pickaxe that made no sound, while the third waited with his trowel and mortar. It was a gruesome sight to those who knew the story—a gruesome, yet an enjoyable

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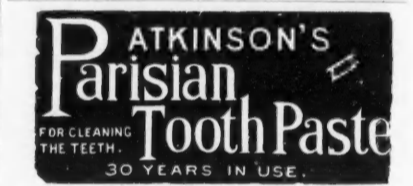
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spectacle; since, as Lady Sarah's friends had not had the pleasure of knowing the sinning sister in flesh, they watched this ghostly representation of her sufferings with as keen an interest as they would have felt had they been privileged to see Claud Duval swing at Tyburn.

The person most terrified by this ghostly show was the only one who had the hardihood to tackle the performers. This was Mr. Dubbin, who sat on the ground watching the shadowy figures, sobered by fear, and his shrewd city senses gradually returning to a brain bemused by Burgundy.

"Look at her boots!" he cried suddenly, scrambling to his feet and pointing to the nun, who in sprawling and writhing at the feet of her executioner had revealed more leg and foot than were consistent with her spectral whiteness. "She wears yaller boots, as substantia' as any shoe leather among the company. I'll swear to them yaller boots."

A chorus of laughter followed this attack—laughter which found a smothered echo among the ghosts. The spell was broken; dis-illusion followed the exquisite thrill of fear; and all Lady Sarah's male visitors made a rush upon the guilty nun. The loose white robe was stripped off, and little Jerry Spavinger, gentleman jock, famous on the Heath and at Doncaster, stood revealed, in his shirt and breeches, and those yellow riding-boots which he rarely exchanged for a more courtly chassure.

The monks bustled out of their disguise were Rochester, Masaroon and Lady Sarah's young brother, George Saddington.

"From my Lord Rochester I expect nothing but pot-house buffoonery, but I take it vastly ill on your part, George, to join in making me a laughing-stock," remonstrated Lady Sarah.

"Indeed, sister, you have to thank his light-headed lordship for giving a spirited end to your assembly. Could you conceive how preposterous you and your friends looked sitting against the walls, mute as stock-fish, and suggesting nothing but a Quaker's meeting, you would make us your lowest curtsy, and thank us kindly for having helped you out of a dilemma."

Lady Sarah, who was too much of a woman of the world to quarrel seriously with a Court favorite, furled the fan with which she had been cooling her indignation, and tapped young Wilmot playfully on that oval cheek where the beard had scarce begun to grow.

"Thou art the most incorrigible wretch of thy years in London," she said, "and it is impossible to help being angry with thee or help forgiving thee."

The saunterers on the willow-shadowed banks came strolling in. Lady Fareham's cornets and fiddles sounded a march in Alceste, and the party broke up in laughter and good temper. Mr. Dubbin being much complimented upon his having detected Spavinger's boots.

"I ought to know 'em," he answered ruefully. "I lost a hundred meggs on him Toos-day sennight, at Windsor races; and I had time to take the pattern of them boots while he was crawling in, a bad third."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FALCON AND DOVE.

"Has your ladyship any commands for Paris?" Lord Fareham asked, one August afternoon, when the ghost party at Millbank was almost forgotten amid a succession of entertainments on land and river; a fortnight at Epsom to drink the waters; and a fortnight at Tunbridge—where the Queen and Court were spending the close of summer—to warn away the bad effects of Epsom chalybeates with a

regimen of Kentish sulphur. If nobody at either resort drank deeper of the medicinal springs than Hyacinth—who had ordered her physician to order her that treatment—the risk of harm or the possibility of benefit was of the smallest. But at Epsom there had been a good deal of gay company, and a greater liberty of manners than in London; for, indeed, as Rochester assured Lady Fareham, "the freedom of Epsom allowed almost nothing to be scandalous." And at Tunbridge there were dances by torchlight on the common. "And at the worst," Lady Fareham told her friends, "a fortnight or so at the wells helps to shorten the summer."

It was the middle of August when they went back to Fareham House, hot dry weather, and London seemed to be living on the Thames, so thick was the throng of boats going up and down the river, so that with an afternoon tide running up it seemed as if barges, luggers, and wherries were moving in one solid block into the sunset sky.

De Malfort had been attached to her ladyship's party at Epsom, and at Tunbridge Wells. He had his own lodgings, but seldom occupied them, except in that period between four or five in the morning and two in the afternoon, which Rochester and he called flight. His days were passed chiefly in attendance upon Lady Fareham—singing and playing, fetching and carrying, combing her favorite spaniel with the same ivory pocket-comb that arranged his own waterfall curls; or reading a French romance to her, or teaching her the newest game at cards, or the latest dancing-step imported from Fontainebleau or St. Cloud, or some new grace or fashion in dancing, the holding of the hand lower or higher; the latest manner of passing in a bransle or a coranto, as performed by the French king and Madame Henriette, the two finest dancers in France; Conde, once so famous for his dancing, now appearing in those gay scenes but seldom.

"Have you any commands for Paris, Hyacinth?" repeated Lord Fareham, his wife being for the moment too surprised to answer him. "Or have you, sister? I am starting for France to-morrow. I shall ride to Dover—lying a night at Sittingbourne, perhaps—and cross by the packet that goes twice a week to Calais."

"Paris! And pray, my lord, what business takes you to Paris?"

"There is a great collection of books to be sold there next week. The library of your old admirer, Nicolas Fouquet, whom you knew in his splendor, but who has been a prisoner at Pignerol for a year and a half."

"Poor wretch!" cried De Malfort, "I was at the Chamber with Madame de Sevigne very often during his long tedious trial. *Mon dieu!* what courage, what talent he showed in defending himself. Every safeguard of the law was violated in order to silence him and prove him guilty; his papers seized in his absence, no friend or servant allowed to protect his interest, no inventory taken—documents suppressed that might have served for his defence; forgeries inserted by his foes. He had an implacable enemy, and he the highest in the land. He was the scapegoat in the past and had to answer for a system of plunder that made Mazarin the richest man in France."

"I don't wonder that Louis was angry with a servant who had the insolence to entertain his majesty with a splendor that surpassed his own," said Lady Fareham. "I should like to have been at those *festes* at Vaux. But although Fareham talks so lightly of traveling to Paris to choose a few dusty books, he has always discouraged me from going there to see old friends, and my own house—which I grieve to think of—abandoned to the carelessness of servants."

"Dearest, the cleverest woman in the world cannot be in two places at once; and it seems to me you have ever had your days here so full of agreeable engagements that you have hardly seriously desired to leave London," answered Fareham, with his grave smile.

"To leave London—no! But there have been long moping months in Oxfordshire when it would have been a relief to change the scene."

"Then, indeed, had you been very earnest in wanting such a change, I am sure you would have taken it. I have never forbidden your going to Paris, nor refused to accompany you there. You may go with me to-morrow if you can be ready."

"Which you know I cannot, or you would scarce make so liberal an offer."

"*Tes, cher,* you are pleased to be petulant. But I repeat my question. Is there anything you want at Paris?"

"Anything! A million things! Everything! But they are things which you would not be able to choose—except, perhaps, some of the new lace. I might trust you to buy that, though I'll wager you will bring me a hideous pattern—and some white Cyprus powder—and a piece of the ash-colored velvet madame wore last winter. I have friends who can choose for you, if I write to them; and you will have to bring the goods, and see they suffer no harm on the voyage. And you can go to the Rue de Touraine and see whether my servants are keeping the house in tolerable order."

"With your ladyship's permission I will lodge there while I am in Paris, which will be but long enough to attend the sale of books, and see some old friends. If I am detained it will be by finding my friends out of town, and having to make a journey to see them. I shall not go beyond Fontainebleau at furthest."

Lord Fareham left London on horseback, with but one servant, in the early August dawn, before the rest of the household were stirring. Hyacinth lay nearly as late of a morning as Henriette Maria, whom Charles used sometimes to reproach for not being up in time for the noonday office at her own chapel. Lady Fareham had not Queen Catherine's fervor, who was often at mass at seven o'clock, but she did usually contrive to be present at High Mass at the queen's chapel; and this was the beginning of her day. While for Angela and her niece and nephew the day was old at noon. They had spent hours on the river, or in the meadows at Chiswick, or on Putney Heath, ever glad to escape from the great overgrown city, which was now licking up every stretch of green sward, and every flowery hedgerow west of St. James's street. Soon there would be no country between the Haymarket and "the Pillars of Hercules."

Denzil sometimes enjoyed the privilege of accompanying Angela, children, and the

*gouvernante*, on these rural expeditions by the great water-way; and on these occasions he and Angela would each take an oar and row the boat for some part of the voyage, while the watermen rested, and in this manner Angela, instructed by Sir Denzil, considerably advanced her power as an oarswoman. It was an exercise she loved, as indeed she loved all out-of-door exercises, from riding with hawks and hounds to battledore and shuttlecock. But most of all, perhaps, she loved the river, and the rhythmical dip of oars in the fresh morning air, when every curve of the fertile shores seemed to reveal new beauty.

It had been a hot, dry summer, and the grass in the parks was burnt to a dull brown, had, indeed, almost ceased to be grass, while the atmosphere in town had a fiery taste, and was heavy with the dust which whitened all the roadways, and which the faintest breath of wind dispersed. Here on the flowing tide there was coolness, and the long rank grass upon those low sedgy shores was still green.

Lady Fareham supported the August heats sitting on her terrace, with a cluster of friends about her, and her musicians and singing-boys grouped in the distance, ready to perform at her bidding; but Henriette and her brother were tired of that luxurious repose, and would urge their aunt to assist in a river expedition. The *gouvernante* was fat and lazy and good-tempered, had attended upon Henriette from babyhood, and always did as she was told.

Without deliberate disobedience to her husband, Lady Fareham made the best use of her time during his absence in Paris. The public theaters had not yet re-opened after the horror of the plague. Whitehall was a desert, the king and his chief following being at Tunbridge. It was the dullest season of the year, and recrudescence of the contagion in the low-lying towns along the Thames—Deptford, Greenwich, and the neighborhood—together with some isolated cases in London, made people more serious than usual, despite of the so-called victory over the Dutch, which, although a mixed benefit, was celebrated piously by a day of general thanksgiving.

Hyacinth, disgusted at the dullness of the town, was for ordering her coaches and retiring to Chilton.

"It is mortal dull at the Abbey," she said, "but at least we have the hawks and breezy hills to ride over, instead of this sickly city atmosphere, which to my nostrils smells of the pestilence."

Henri de Malfort argued against such a retreat.

"It were a deliberate suicide," he said. "London, when everybody has left—all the bodies we count worthy to live, par exemple—is a more delightful place than you can imagine. There are a host of vulgar amusements which you would not dare to visit when your friends are in town; and which are ten times as amusing as the pleasures you know by heart. Have you ever been to the Bear Garden? I'll warrant you no, though 'tis but across the river at Bankside. We'll go there this afternoon, if you like, and see how the common people taste life. Then there are the gardens at Islington."

"And then there is our midnight party at Millbank, the ghost party, at which you are to frighten your dearest friends out of their poor little wits."

"I will have no Dublin—a toping wretch—and she is a too incongruous mixture, with her Edinburgh lingo and her Whitehall arrogance. Besides, the whole notion of a mock ghost was vulgarized by Wilmo's foolery, who ought to have been born a saltimbancque, and spent his life in a fair. No, I have abandoned the scheme."

"What, after I have been taxing my invention to produce the most terrible illusion that was ever witnessed? Will you let a clown like Spavinger—a well known stable boy—balk us of our triumph? I am sending to Paris for a powder to burn in a corner of the room, which will throw the ghastliest pallor upon your countenance. When I devise a ghost, it shall be no inopportunist spectre in yellow riding-boots, but a vision so awful, so true an image of a being returned from the dead, that the stoutest nerves will thrill and tremble at the apparition. The nun's habit is coming from Paris. I have asked by cousin, Madame de Fiesque, to obtain it for me at the Carmelites."

"If you were wise, you would abandon the notion. I doubt that in spite of your powders your friends will never believe in a ghost."

"Oh, yes, they will. It shall be my business to get them in the proper temper."

Angela knew something of the scheme, and that there was to be another assembly at Millbank; but her sister had not invited her to assist in it, and had seemed disinclined to talk of it in her presence, a curious reticence in one whose sentiments and caprices were usually given to the world at large with perfect freedom. For once in her life Hyacinth had a secret air, and checked herself suddenly in the midst of her light babble at a look from De Malfort, who had urged her to keep her sister out of their midnight party.

"I pledge my honor that there shall be nothing to offend," he told her, "but I hope to have the whitest coxcombs in London, and we want no prudes to strangle the jest in their throats with a long-drawn lip and an alarmed eye. Your sister has a pale fritillouse prettiness which pleases an eye satiated with the exuberant charms of your Rubens and Titian women; but she is not handsome enough to give herself airs; and she is a little inclined that way. By the faith of a gentleman I have suffered scowls from her that I would scarce have endured from Barbara."

"Barbara! You are vastly free with her ladyship's name."

"Not freer than she has ever been with her friendship."

"Henri, if I thought—"

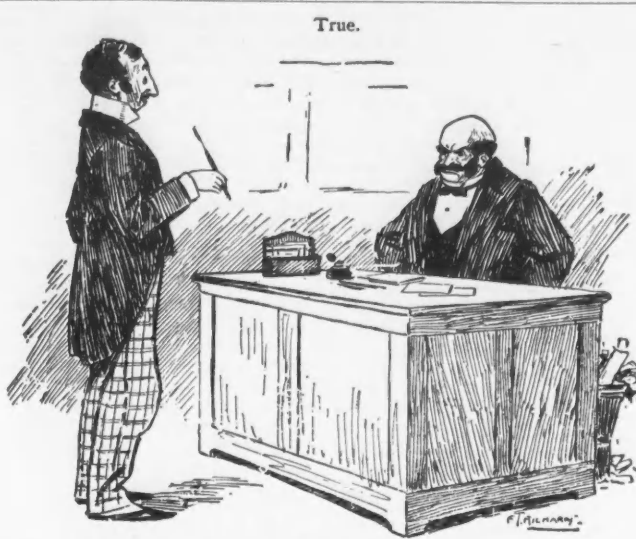
"What, dearest?"

"That you had ever cared for that—want—"

"Could you think it, when you know my life in England has been one long tragedy of loving in vain—of sighing only to be denied—of secret tears—and public submission."

"Do not talk so," she exclaimed, starting up from her low tabouret, and moving hastily to the open window, to fresh air and sunshine, rippling river and blue sky, escaping from an atmosphere that had become feverish.

"De Malfort, you know I must not listen to foolish raptures."



Mr. Boodles—You began life as a barefooted boy, I understand?  
New Clerk—Yes, sir, I was born without shoes.

"I know you have been refusing to hear for the last two years."

They were on the terrace now, she leaning on the broad marble balustrade, he standing beside her, and all the traffic of London moving with the tide below them.

"To return to our party," she said in a lighter tone, for that spurt of jealousy had betrayed her into seriousness. "It will be very awkward not to invite my sister to go with me."

"Not if you manage things cleverly. The party is to be a surprise. You can tell her next morning you knew nothing about it before-hand."

Angela was puzzled by Hyacinth's demeanor. A want of frankness in one so frank by nature aroused her fears. She was puzzled and anxious, and longed for Fareham's return, lest his giddy-pated wife should be guilty of some innocent indiscretion that might vex him.

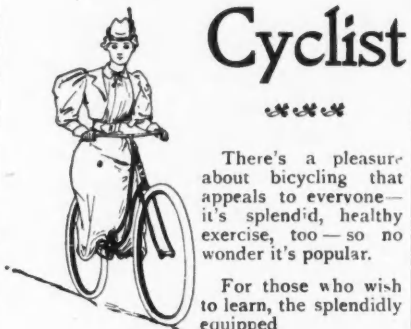
"Oh, if she but valued him at his just worth she would value his opinion second only to the approval of conscience," she thought sadly, ever regretful of her sister's too obvious indifference towards so kind a husband.

(To be Continued.)

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VOL. IX] TORONTO, FEB. 29, 1896. [No. 15

## The Drama.

Minnie Maddern Fiske, with her Titian hair and vibrant personality, came back to us last week. The Fiske part of her name is new to the average theater-goer who is not acquainted with the dramatic journals, but Mrs. Fiske is still the same piquant little creature who startled Toronto some years ago by driving in an open barouche behind two white horses, thus verifying the proverb about white horses and red-headed girls. On Thursday night Mrs. Fiske appeared in the Queen of Liars, a transcription by Harrison Grey Fiske from a play by Alphonse Daudet and Hennique. The story—the old one of a repentant Magdalen confronted by her past sins just as she has won the love of an honest man—is beautifully treated by Daudet, who has the major hand in the piece. It is a wonderful bit of characterization, that of Marie Deloche, the adventuress, who has to conceal her past and dies in a very atmosphere of lies. Underneath the adventuress is the loving passionate woman depicted by Daudet with such appreciation as only French dramatists seem to show. In Mrs. Fiske's hands the part becomes a reality. Mrs. Fiske is to be counted among the exponents of the higher drama.

At the Toronto Opera House this week there is being presented the best show that I have seen colored people produce. They seem to be a very intelligent lot of people and with much stage experience. The first act shows the negroes in Africa in their savage state, governed by a sort of Gilbert and Sullivan king, who has a mother-in-law such as we read of in the comic papers. A gorilla plays an important part in the affairs of the village, and some wicked son of Africa has made the gorilla face an extravagant caricature of the Irish "mug." The act closes with the coming of the slave traders, and the second shows the negroes in slavery in the Southern States. This act closes with the emancipation of the slaves, and the free people in the third act are playing poker, dancing and having a cake-walk. The piece does not pretend to possess dramatic merit, but it affords every opportunity for comedy, good singing and dancing, and is an all-round novelty.

The Canadian Order of Foresters' tenth annual concert will take place at Massey Music Hall on Thursday evening, March 5. Among the long lists of artists who will grace the occasion will be Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson and Mrs. J. Trew Gray. Miss Robinson's portrait has already appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, and we are pleased to publish this week the photograph of Mrs. J. Trew Gray, who has won the warm commendation of leading critics in Scotland and England. Mrs. J.



Mrs. J. Trew Gray.

Trew Gray is a pupil of Chevalier Odoardi Barri, and is equally good in English, Scotch and Irish ballads. Miss Alexandrina Ramsay will give some of her delightful readings and Master Michael Young, boy soprano, will also appear. A crowded house should greet this great gathering of Canadian artists, especially as the proceeds are devoted to the widows and orphans of the order.

The Conservatory of Music last Saturday evening was crowded to the doors, the occasion being the third recital of the season by pupils of the School of Elocution. Very pleasing musical assistance was rendered by ladies and gentlemen who are all vocal pupils of Mr. Harry N. Shaw, B.A. A bright and clever essay was read by Miss Florence McConnell on Eugene Field, from whose writings the four elocutionary selections were taken. The first, Me and Jim, was given with well controlled emotional power by Mr. C. L. Kenney. The Fairies of Pesh, to which Theodore Thomas' violin obligato was played by Master Frank Blachford, a pupil of Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, was read with exquisite delicacy of expression by Miss Ida M. Wingfield. The versatility of Mrs. W. J. Ross, who has formerly appeared in heavy pieces, was well shown by her rendering

of a double humorous number (a) Seeing Things and (b) The Duel. Miss Gertrude Trotter won marked expressions of popular approval from the audience in Jes' Fore Christmas and The Dutch Lullaby, the latter to the descriptive music of De Koven. By her sympathetic reading of Fido's Little Friend, Miss Blanche Lelegh made this very touching. The interest of the evening centered in the closing number, Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, Barbara, given with the following cast:

Barbara..... Miss Ida M. Wingfield  
Lille..... Miss Katharine Ward  
Ceell..... Mr. Arthur Somerville  
Finnium..... Mr. C. Leroy Kenney

Miss Ward, who is one of Toronto's rising young contraltos, proved herself a natural and vivacious comedienne; Mr. Somerville looked his part well; Mr. Kenney did some artistic character work as the old lawyer; and Miss Wingfield was strong and magnetic in the title role. The presentation of the piece reflects great credit on the teachers of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

King Charles II., as he was passing through the court-yard of St. James's Palace one day, saw Nell Gwynn at one of the windows with her infant in her arms. As he saluted her, the clever woman leaned out of the casement, holding the child in mid-air. "What will you do for your son?" she cried. "Nothing," said Charles, laughing. "Then I will drop him out of the window," retorted Nell, holding the baby as if about to loose him. "God save the Earl of Burford," cried Charles, and the child was drawn back to the safe shelter of his mother's arms.

## Points About People.

DOMINIC MURRAY of Montreal, an old and retired actor, received a high compliment from Mr. Clement Scott, the English critic, in the last issue of the *Illustrated London News*. "One of the best actors I have ever seen in what I may call the 'Robson' line—intense, pathetic, nervous, highly strung, and sometimes on the verge of the tragic—was a little man called Dominic Murray. How strange that the strong acting talent generally falls to the short in stature!—Edmund Keen, Frederic Robson, Dominic Murray, George Belmore, and many more may be cited. Dominic Murray, a brilliant little Irishman, graduated in his art in America, and came over to this country in the year 1862. I was first struck with a very remarkable performance of his at the old Princess's Theater, in a play originally called *Æsop the Hunchback*, but afterwards changed to *Sunlight and Shadow*. It was a play about the South Sea Bubble, and Dominic Murray was the hunchback who is passionately in love with a beautiful woman. At any rate, it was a very remarkable piece of acting, and on the strength of it the actor became an enormous favorite when serving under the banner of George Vining. I have only just heard, from a kindly and generous communication made to me by Dominic Murray, now spending the winter of his days in Montreal, Canada, how he was at the outset of his English career taken by the hand and brought to London at the instigation of Mrs. Stirling (Lady Gregory), whose death we have all recently deplored. Murray was acting at Liverpool at Alexander Henderson's Theater, they having been old friends in Australia, when Mrs. Stirling came down to play *Peg Woffington* in *Masks and Faces*, a performance never to be forgotten. Dominic Murray played Triplet, and Mrs. Stirling was wonderfully struck with the ability of the actor. She made him share all her curtain-calls—generous artist as she was—and at the conclusion said, 'Mr. Murray, you ought to be in London, and it shall not be my fault if you do not soon get there.' She kept her word, and in less than a month Dominic Murray was appointed principal comedian at the Princess's Theater, and soon became the talk of theatrical London. It appears that Dominic Murray's purpose in writing to Clement Scott was to express the delight he experienced in seeing Olga Nether-sole play *Denise* in a Montreal theater recently. Mr. Murray said in his letter: 'Oh! but it was a something to remember, I can tell you. As I left the theater I said, 'Thank God such people live to confound the cynic, the scoffer and the sceptic, and to prove to them that our 'mimic world' is not such a frivolous world after all.'

There is a story going the rounds of the legal fraternity in Toronto about the prominent Q. C. and the Junior Partner that is too good to keep. The prominent Q. C. is one of the lecturers to the Law School, and one day this week he decided to spend the evening down town and to send the office boy to his house with his brief-bag containing carefully prepared notes of the next morning's lecture. The office boy, after the manner of office boys when wanted, was out; so the Q. C. betook himself to the Junior Partner. Placing the precious bag on a vacant chair and tossing a quarter to cover car fares and incidentals, on the table, the great man requested that "that" should be sent to his house. Lawyer-like, the Junior Partner saw the quarter without any difficulty, but did not happen to notice the bag, and in course of time the wondering office boy set out for the Q. C.'s residence, armed with a couple of car tickets and the quarter, which was duly delivered. Next morning the Q. C., who had got home and rolled into bed (or vice versa), bethought himself of his lecture, but neither notes nor bag were forthcoming. Then there was an eminent legal light filling the atmosphere with vowel sounds, and now a nice young lawyer walks on the shady side of the street to avoid coming face to face with his own shadow.

Bill Nye is dead. The same newspapers that contained the account of his death, also told us that James Whitcomb Riley had retired from the platform, and people in Toronto and in other towns visited a few years ago by these gentlemen in their "great united" tour, were struck by the coincidence. Mr. Nye was one of the most dismal figures ever seen upon the platform in the guise of an entertainer. He could write very funny and bizarre sentences, but his faculties became paralyzed when he faced an audience. Whitcomb Riley has gifts superior to the other, and we must applaud his decision to quit the platform, where the atmos-

phere is mercenary and fatal to inspiration. He gave his farewell recital in Greenfield, his native town, where everybody used to know "Jim Riley." On his home-coming he was given a reception that he will never forget, for the whole countryside crowded to the depot, where the town band was trying to burst brass, and the blushing poet had difficulty in escaping to the house of a relative. That night every living person in the district crowded the town hall, and Riley gave his most pathetic and homely pieces—about people and places they all knew, closing with *Cur'ature of the Spine*. It was a great night in Riley's life, for a man thinks more of the thousands who knew him as a boy than of the millions who didn't.

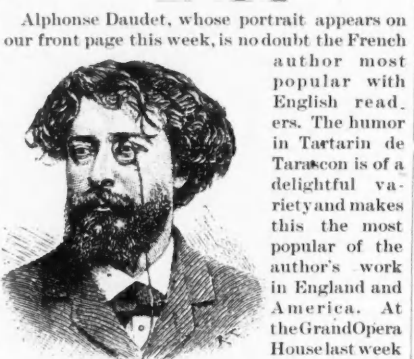
A few weeks ago in presenting a portrait of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, we referred to his American wife and the decided liking evinced for this strong-minded and handsome woman by Her Majesty the Queen. For some reason—perhaps the strong mind in question has some-



Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

thing to do with it—portraits of Mrs. Chamberlain are somewhat rare and not so often published as those of the other American women who have married English public men. Mrs. Chamberlain was, of course, Miss Endicott before her marriage, a daughter of Massachusetts and of that town of Salem where the witches were burnt so religiously in the old days.

Some time ago it was stated in this column that William Waldorf Astor, who, in sorrow for the death of his wife, had suppressed a great weekly paper owned by him so that others might also have something to feel sorry about, and had made an extravagant contract with a florist for bedecking Mrs. Astor's grave for one year, was about to marry again. It is now announced that the lady in the case is Lady Randolph Churchill, who is also of American birth, being a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York. Mrs. Astor died December 22, 1894; Lord Randolph Churchill died January 24, 1895. When grief is very intense it soon expends itself.



Alphonse Daudet, whose portrait appears on our front page this week, is no doubt the French author most popular with English readers. The humor in *Tartarin de Tarascon* is of a delightful variety and makes this the most popular of the author's work in England and America. At the Grand Opera House last week Toronto people had an opportunity of seeing, in *The Queen of Liars*, an adaptation of one of Daudet's best attempts as a playwright, also a curtain-raiser of his creation. Daudet has a striking appearance—a magnificent head of hair setting off his fine face. His locks are now turning gray and thinning out rapidly, as a result of his intense application to work of late years. But he is now disposed to take life more easily, and enjoys life as one of the lions of Paris.

## Mean Revenge.

Le Petit Havre.

Jondecrome, the painter, is in a rage with his landlord.

"How I should like to serve the fellow out!" he one day remarked to a friend—one of the candid type—who at once replied: "Paint his portrait for him!"

## People We Meet.



No. 1.—The Society Girl.

Drawn by Mr. F. C. McGill.

## Confidential Letters to Young Men.

No. 5.—The Use and Abuse of Friends.



EAR BOYS—Some of you have written me for advice in special cases. A reading of what is to follow are reading of my former letters, will afford answers to all these special enquiries save

one. Jack wants to know which of two girls to marry. The man who needs to consult an outside authority upon such a matter is no man at all, and I doubt if he could on application get a license to marry either girl. But yet I will give an answer to Jack. Marry the healthy one. Health is the source of all beauty; no home can be happy without it—there may be a sad, a refined peace in a home of affliction and an uncomplaining invalid is a spiritually beautiful creature, but Health is Life.

One of my correspondents who has summed up my teachings in one sentence has done it well. When you are young, get on; when you are middle-aged, get honor; when you are old, get honest. I really cannot improve upon this, and it is so simple that any young man may keep it ever in mind as his rule of life. Look about you and you will observe that the above sentence sums up the whole policy of the successful men of the world.

A great many books have been written with the alleged view of instructing young men how to succeed in this world. How to Fail in Life is really what these books teach. The only man who, to my knowledge, ever wrote such a book while apparently possessing the qualifications of a teacher, was Erasmus Wiman, author of *Chances of Success*, and although I secured a copy of the work immediately upon its appearance and read it as rapidly as possible, yet before I could finish its perusal Mr. Wiman was bankrupt in fortune and jailed in person. He only got clear of his difficulties the other day, and now, at the bottom of the ladder, is reading his own book for pointers. Mr. Wiman, behind his shrewd exterior, is a theorist, and I dare bet money that in secret he has written poetry. Had he been practical he would never have quarreled with a man whose fortune was not, as yet, dissipated. There were other men to quarrel with. Moreover, he wrote a letter to Mr. Dun at an acute stage of the disagreement, which was a great indiscretion. He should have appealed to that gentleman through the medium of a pathetic silence. A pathetic silence is very touching. And it cannot be produced in court. Be frugal in the use of ink in matters concerning yourself. See your man personally and alone, for thus you can jolly him the better. I have mentioned Mr. Wiman because his book, looking down from my library shelf, is a mute challenge to me.

In choosing his friends a young man should be cautious. Treat all men alike—in your contacts remember it is but the Other Man who clasps your hand or gives you the shoulder in the crush. The path of success is at some points a plank that spans an abyss—it is not wide enough for any arm-in-arm business. One must go ahead; the other must follow. If the Other Man offers to go arm-in-arm with you it is because he knows that in single file his merits would put him behind you. He knows this, and his purpose in locking arms is to lean upon your strength for a time and then dart ahead to the plank, or, if the chance for this does not present itself, to drop you off into the abyss. Safely on the other bank he will indulge in loud lamentations and blame the catastrophe upon the narrowness of the causeway.

Your friends should be some ornamental and some useful. Sort them out and don't get them mixed. Your ornamental friends should be brainy or rich. Make yourself agreeable to these. Give ideas to the brainy, for unconsciously they will repay you an hundredfold. Get on terms of fellowship with the rich, but never get under obligation to them for one cent. Hypnotize them into the belief that you are prosperous to a degree, with never a shortage of cash, and in the end they will compel you as a favor to invest money for them. Borrow money from your poorest friend in order to lend it to your richest one. If you reverse this process, as idiots do every day, you will lose both friends and the amount of money involved in the transaction. If an acquaintance wants to borrow a quarter from you, lend it to him heartily, for it is worth money to know that it is his intention to make use of you. Gently tack away from him.

Make use of your useful friends, but don't wear them as ornaments. Do business with them, and be most obliging. Return them brass for gold, but do it with such a grace and whole-heartedness that they will feel hopelessly in your debt. You may observe how this is done by keeping your eyes open. Demand favors of those beneath you—grant favors to those above you.

Have you not an acquaintance who is always doleful? You know very well how you detest his perpetual whine. You never do anything for him, fearing that if you were to befriend him he would feel impelled to call upon you daily. There is a warning for yourself in this. Influential persons do not grant favors through pity, and when their pity is appealed to their whole desire is to so end the matter as never to see the applicant again. They want to get such a person out of their lives. Usually they tell him to "get out," but sometimes they recommend him for a position in a remote part of the country. If you are a beggar and a sponge keep a few acquaintances unaware of your real character. Under no circumstances let them see you in any other light than as "a gentleman of the old school." Find your prey elsewhere, and keep certain places where you can retire without being known for a wolf.

Be cheerful and agreeable in the presence of all human beings, and do all your growling, complaining and swearing in a sound-proof cellar. Thus you will be thought a pleasant fellow; those above will throw you a rope, and those below will give you a leg up.

Sincerely yours,  
JARVIS DOWD.

## A Sonnet to Sara.



For Saturday Night.

I've read somewhere in ancient lore  
Of maidens! who, when this old earth was new,  
Trampled men's hearts beneath their feet, like you  
Have trampled mine times numbered by the score;  
And these same men while dying softly swore  
Life held no pleasure half so sweet as death  
When death brought even a small and fleeting breath  
Of happiness to those they loved—therefore  
I, like a knight of old, do humbly pray  
You trample ever rough-shod on my heart;  
For this, I fear, is now the only way  
To keep you near—then, furthermore, my sweet,  
You cannot hurt me with those tiny feet.  
And thus employed we'll not be far apart.  
GEORGE V. HOBART.

## A Reply.

For Saturday Night.

"England has never lost an opportunity to injure the United States."—SENATOR FRYE.

JOHN BULL (to Senator Frye):

Fie! Fie! Mr. Frye, I am really surprised;  
I fear in your views you have been ill advised;  
When you said I am hostile to you and the States,  
What state were you in, Mr. Frye? On your skates  
"I injure the U. S. at each opportunity!"  
Pook! History refutes it and grants me immunity;  
In the war of secession—deplorable theme—  
The scale would have tipped with my hand on the beam.  
But no! while I live and the Union Jack waves  
It shall fly as a signal of freedom for slaves.  
But was it for this that you fought one another?  
And was it to rescue "a man and a brother?"  
No! the Union! the Union! you said, "D—n the nigger!"

Till you found you could use him in pulling a trigger.  
Then you freed him because he was "Johnny Rebs'" chattel.  
The same as you looted his stock and his cattle.  
But of dollars some one hundred million I paid  
To the Indies, for niggers and damage to trade,  
And I said (in your lingo) "Now, get up and get.  
Do you know you are free?" And they answered  
"You bet!"

It was cash, C.O.D., "Received in full,"  
The score million sterling, received from John Bull.  
In the claim "Alabama" you made such a bill  
A lot of the money is lying there still.  
But I feel no resentment, if you no remorse.  
Pray keep it. But don't try to ride your high horse.  
Drop all nonsense, shake hands, there is plenty to do  
If we help one another to carry things through.  
QUAVIS.

## The Literary Gossip.

Harper's Weekly.

I do not know what Byron wrote—  
No time to read I've had;  
But he's the man whose foot was clubbed,  
And morally was bad.

I've never read up Shakespeare—  
I have too much work for that;  
But I am quite familiar  
With his tendency to "bat."

I don't recall a single bit  
Of Mr. Shelley's rhyme,  
But he's the man who tried to have  
Two spouses at one time.

They say that Pope was pretty good—  
I've never seen his work;  
But he's the humpbacked fellow  
With a tongue just like a dirk.

I've not perused a line of Poe,  
But I know what I think:  
He is the man that couldn't write  
Until he'd had a drink.

And so, you see, upon the whole,  
I've really somehow got  
A good idea of all the queer  
And literary lot.

And while I could not lecture quite  
To please the learned mind,  
I sort of think I'd captivate  
The "Sewing Circle" kind.

So, Dorcas, take notice:  
You can help a struggling mate  
By subscribing to her lectures  
"On the Failings of the Great."

## The Art of Prophecy.

Chicago Post.

"I think it will rain," the prophet says; "I think it will rain, you know;  
I think it will rain to-day, good folk, provided it doesn't snow;"  
And then he climbs to his den aloft to note how the breezes blow.

"I think it will snow," the prophet says, "and so for a storm prepare;  
I think it will snow to-night, good folk, provided it isn't fair;"  
And then he climbs to his den aloft to look at the rain-gauge there.

"The weather'll be fair," the prophet says; "the weather'll be fair and warm;  
The weather'll be fair to-day, good folk, provided it doesn't storm;"  
And then he climbs to his den aloft to see how the cloud-banks form.

"I think it will storm," the prophet says; "I think it will storm to-night;  
The wind will blow a terrible gale, provided I've hit it right;"  
And then he climbs to his den aloft to see if the stars are bright.

"I think he is right," the critic says; "I've followed him all along;  
I think he is right to-night, good folk, provided he isn't wrong;"  
And that is the view I take, good folk—the point of my little song.

## The Immortal Story.



UCH things don't happen," said the editor. "I think they do," said the author.

"No. The tale is not realistic," said the editor. "The situation is strained, the characters are unnatural, the pathos is overdone, the accidents are fantastic and pass far beyond the boundaries of the probable. The climax is not warranted by the antecedent circumstances, nor is it natural. Men don't die like that—they die—"

"Like Little Nell," said the author ironically. "Not wholly, and yet in a fairly decent and respectable manner and with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion, and the unlimited possibilities beyond. The tale won't do. It is unnatural."

"What do you want?" asked the author grimly as he received back the rejected manuscript and returned it to his pocket. "I am capable of writing anything. Tell me what you want."

"I want something realistic," said the editor, "realistic and at the same time original and unique. A dramatic situation, a striking character, a page from the book of life, true to nature, faithful to facts, one of life's tragic episodes, realistic and vivid and true."

The editor was young and enthusiastic, a type of the new man in journalism. He had his ideals and his aversions and his heaven-begotten inspirations. He had also his mission, which was to reclaim literature from its aridity and make it extremely new.

The author was obviously a hack. He was neither young nor enthusiastic. His clothes were threadbare, his ambition was lukewarm, his boots were worn at the heels, his soul was the soul of a cynic, his brain was the brain of a doubter, and the very material sources of his inspiration were apparent in the patches on his boots. And yet behind the wearied indifference of his eyes there seemed at times to glow a flash of some diviner light which might perhaps have kindled into flames imperishable if fanned by the breath of some kindlier mother than necessity. Did the editor see it? Who knows? There was a curious gleam in his eyes as he glanced at the dark intellectual face before him.

"To write like that one must live," said the author, "live and suffer and feel. The essence of realism is experience. We chisel our fancies from facts. But the age is arid, and cold, and prosaic. To write like that one must taste the bitter-sweet—even the forbidden fruit; must thrill with life's raptures of loving and living, for the tales you want are made not of paper and ink but woven out of the skeins of the soul, heart, flesh and blood."

"Yes, to write it you must live," said the editor thoughtfully, "and if you write it you live forever."

The office door was closed, and buttoning his coat tightly around him to shut out the cold draught that blew in from the street, the author walked slowly downstairs and stood for a moment on the steps leading to the street, gazing dreamily before him into the mist of white snow which, falling through the gathering twilight, shrouded the figures of the passers-by in a dim fantastic mist.

"What does he wish me to do?" he muttered wearily. "To murder, or rob, or love, or do some desperate thing in order that I may feel the things of which I speak, and know whereof I write, and be realistic? And yet it is true enough. The thoughts I have recorded are only the shadows of thoughts, echoes of earlier voices, spectres of other stories, cinders of extinct fires, cinders and ashes and dust. Yes, the things I have written are colorless, lifeless, passionless things, and from a commercial standpoint apparently worthless. Perhaps it is better so."

And as he stood there in the twilight, surveying with introspective glance the barren vista of the life behind him, he seemed to see as in a glass averted, a vision of the joy he had not known, and to become dimly conscious of a deeper life within him, pointing through paths he dared not dream of, to heights he could not see.

"A letter for you, sir," said the postman. "Ah, yes—from—" said the editor as he opened the paper and read:

"I am writing a wonderful tale, wonderfully terrible and true. I dare not trust it to the post and live in perpetual anguish lest robbers break in and steal it. A greater never was written, and it is as great as the dawn in the morning, as great as the sunset in evening, and as true as the truth that trembles and falls from the lips of God. I have lived it line by line. It is flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood; agony and ecstasy are in it, and the light of those setting suns, and the blush of the dawn, and the pathetic dusk of an evening. Come, I beg perfectly sane. I can hear their clapping, the generations to come; and the lights burn bright on the holiest of altars where they kneel before me—a god. Come. Dinner at eight."

"A modest man," said the editor, "mad as a March hare. It will be as good as a circus to see him."

"Will he come?" said the watcher wearily, as she gazed at the dead white thing beside her, spectral and pale in the twilight. "One cruel man who sowed desire in the humblest heart in the world. Will he come and behold his work?"

Three candles burnt by the coffin and the light of their pale thin rays shone through the sober twilight and fell on the eyes of the watcher, and on the ink-stained lines of the story, and on the white drawn face of the dead. The room seemed full of memories—memories ashen and pale. They lurked in the folds of the curtains and in the worn threads of the carpet and the soiled pages of the books—the books, sad sentinels on the verge of the valley of thought, bereft of their old companion, cowered together and trembled, doubting the measure of their responsibility for the thing that was lying there dead.

A step on the pavement outside the door halted irresolute, as though the comer were filled with a spirit of dooming; it fell on the step and the shrill bell echoed through the hollows of the house till the depths of the silence shuddered at the sacrilege of sound. Then the watcher

rose from the coffin and the light of the holy candles fell on her beautiful face as its sorrow deepened into a faint, sad smile. She passed from the room and closed the door and shut in the corpse and the candles, the coffin and the dead, and passed down the stairs with outstretched hand as one who welcomes a welcome guest.

"You have come," she murmured softly, "and it was kind of you to come."

Quickly she turned and led the way up the stairs into the chamber of death. In the center stood a table, and the table was set as for a feast. At the foot was a chair for the stranger and on each side of it a glass filled with curiously colored liquid. At the head was another plate, and on it lay a pearl-handled pistol.

The editor sat in the chair at the foot of the table and gazed with startled and wondering eyes at the sorrowful face of the watcher, who had taken her place at the head. The only light in the room came from the candles by the coffin, whose rays, fleckle and pale and uncertain, glanced nervously on the living and the dead.

"You had your doubts," said the watcher. "You had your doubts as to the realism of his works. To-night he died, and I shall die to bear testimony to the folly of your doubts, and very shortly now your doubts shall die, or if the things you see and read to-night permit your doubts to live, then you shall die."

The voice was hushed for a moment and silence prevailed again.

"That is arsenic to your right, and chloral to your left, and this is a pretty little pistol," said the watcher. "In the hand of the corpse in the coffin is a manuscript; in the manuscript is a soul—the soul of him who died. Within your reach is the strangest and divinest tale that was ever written by man. Rise and take it and read."

He rose. From the cold white hand he took the tale.

"They will call it romance," he murmured once in fear before he died, "said the watcher, "and he sent for you to witness that it was not romance. Do you doubt?"

"It is true," said the editor, for he saw the tragic truth in her eyes and the truth in the face of the dead.

"Your doubts are dead," said the watcher, "and you may live to say they are dead. And he is dead, and I—pass the chloral—or shall I fire?"

He passed the cup.

"He is immortal as the gods," she murmured, then she drank; "and I am dead forever."

The candles grew dim in their sockets.

"Go," she said. "The soul—which you bought—take it with you."

Toronto, Feb. 25.

CAIUS.

## Edward Blake in Parliament.

Henry Labouchere discussing the leadership of the Irish party, made vacant by the retirement of Justin McCarthy, says, "Mr. Blake has entered the British Parliament too late to catch the tone of the House of Commons."

## Bow-Legged.

Puck.

Maisie—Sis, there's a young gentleman down in the parlor wants to see you.

Sister—Who is it, dearie?

Maisie—Well, I don't know his name; but he's that one that looks so much like a wish-bone.

## An Anxious Customer.

Life.

John Potts—Are you the medium who advertises to unite the separated?

Medium (proudly)—I never fail.

John Potts—I wish you would connect me with the hundred dollars I got separated from last night.

## Before the Operation.

Life.

"Er—I suppose, doctor, there is some chance of saving him?"

"Absolutely none; he will die whether operated upon or not."

"Well, what are you doing it for then?"

"For three hundred and fifty dollars."

## Objected on Principle.

Among the questions sent out by a school examiner was the following example in arithmetic:

"If one horse can run a mile in one minute fifty seconds, and another a mile in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?"

A scholar returned the question with this attached: "I will have nothing to do with horse-racing."

## Never Judge by Appearances.

A small boy was detected by a farmer up his cherry tree. When he had made the boy come down he began to lecture him on the sinfulness of his action. The boy answered indignantly, "Now, you just count them cherries over again before you insinuate that I stole any of them."

## Last and Dearest.

Scottish Nights.

In a village smithy in the north of Aberdeenshire a few worthies had foregathered, and the discussion on "a man loving his second wife" was touched upon.

"Sandy Smith," said the village letter-carrier, "you sud be weel able to gie an opinion on that subject; ye've haen fewer wives. Which o' them a' did ye laen best?"

"Weel, Posty, I ha'e nae qualms o' conscience in answerin' that question. I aye liket the livin' one best."

## A Settler.

Das Neue Wiener Tagblatt.

Masher—That was a rather sensible observation of mine, don't you think?

Lady—Why, certainly! Didn't you notice the look of surprise on my face?

## A MacTaggart.

Donald had come doon frae the Isle o' Skye to seek his fortune in Glasgow, and applying at one of the big shipyards for a job was met with from the foreman, "Are you a mechanic?" "A mackanic? Na, na," exclaimed Donald, "she'll come o' the grand clan MacTaggart."

## A New Fact in History.



HE population of the United Kingdom is now, for the first time, greater than that of France. At the census of 1891 Great Britain and Ireland had 37,797,013 inhabitants, and France 38,343,192, a difference of rather more than half a million.

But in 1892 the deaths in France outnumbered the births by 20,000 while in the United Kingdom there was an excess of births numbering 402,000. Again, in 1893, the excess of births in France only amounted to 7,000, while in Great Britain it was 415,000. In these two years, therefore, the population of France decreased by 13,000, and that of England increased by 817,000, more than enough to wipe out the difference existing in 1891, and to place England above France in numbers for the first time in history.

In this connection it is well to consider Prof. Bryce's vital statistics for the Province of Ontario for 1894. In recent years the number of births per thousand of population has fallen off more in Ontario than even in France. In 1890 Ontario had a birth-rate of 38.15 per thousand of population; in 1894 it had fallen to 19.2 per thousand—almost exactly one half. In 1894 the births in this Province only exceeded the deaths by one per cent. In all civilized countries where a proper system of registration exists, it is noted that the proportion of births to the population is decreasing, but nowhere in the world more rapidly than in Ontario.

This matter is of the gravest importance. The percentage of marriages in relation to population has rapidly decreased of recent years, and altogether it would seem that we are drawing near to a problem of the most extreme gravity. We may evade serious and full discussion of it for a little longer, but it seems clear that another ten years will render further evasion impossible.

## One-Eyed Skinner.



NE of the eyes of Mr. Skinner was made of glass, but of so natural and neat a manufacture that its steady lustre appeared to enhance his otherwise handsome person.

One day the local gossips reported that "One-Eyed Skinner," the Riding Master, had married a "real lady." This terse statement meant that one of his fair pupils had been so captivated by his good looks, dashing manners and good horsemanship, that notwithstanding his plebeian birth and business, she, one of the "upper ten," had married Mr. Skinner, or allowed him to marry her.

Now, had the worthy Riding Master, from his youth up, been a subscriber to the circulating library, or in the slightest way a reader of current literature, one of two things would have happened. He would either have married the first housemaid he took a fancy to and left the "real lady" to marry in her own circle, or, having in a moment of weakness espoused the fair aristocrat, he would forthwith have proceeded quietly to drown or unobtrusively hang himself. But "One-Eyed Skinner" had read nothing more exciting than The Early History and Habits of the Horse, piebald and skewbald, dappled bay or dun-colored, and did not know that such a mesalliance could only end in mutual disaster. Of course it was very nice to be in the constant company of a lady of birth and education, but her equestrianism was only a recreation, and she soon showed a distaste for Mr. Skinner's domestic conversation and habits, which were of the horse, horsey. As he hinted to a bosom friend, his wife, although thoroughbred, began to "jib," and he was afraid she was a "rearer."

When a man's home affairs are unpleasant his business and health often suffer. It was so with Mr. Skinner. He was out of "condition," "off his feed," and his glass eye lost its normal brightness. Pupils were scarce, and the price of all kinds of feed had gone up. Mr. Skinner, being on the high road to insolvency, thought he might as well travel as comfortably as possible, and so called at a great many hotels on his way. During the journey he would often

startle his good lady by midnight appearances, with his real eye closed and the other missing. The once spruce Riding Master appeared on the public streets, as his friends said, "in very poor harness," and their opinion was that "One-Eyed Skinner was going to the deuce." When things were at their worst, and he was enquiring about the price of strychnine, Mrs. Skinner had the good fortune to receive a legacy which was ample enough, not only to pay her husband's debts, but to start him again in business, and he once more was a dashing and jaunty Riding Master. Mrs. Skinner about this time left home to visit friends and did not return. The popular talk was that "One-Eyed Skinner's wife had run away with a captain." Mr. Skinner neither denied nor admitted the truth of the gossip, but soon after he published a notice of her death.

We saw him last summer, and he told us he was courting a vegetable girl at the Albemarle Hotel. "You see," said he, "it's this way with me. I won't marry a 'kicker' or a woman who'll run away. I want a wife with a good temper, a light, level month, and one who don't shy at the least thing. You can lick a 'bawky' horse, but not a girl very well. I don't care for a woman with too fine a coat because she's too high bred and has more pedigree than I can stand. Now this sweetheart of mine isn't more than about eleven hands, and, as she's a sorrel, I know she's not high bred. She's a good worker and trots well. My first wife, as you know, used to jib and shy at the least sight of a pipe, and couldn't stand a stable at any time, whereas this girl I'm going to marry lived over one the best part of her life. Let's go and have something."

We went.

EDWARD STREAM.

## Expecting a Pension.

Will M. Clemens in Illustrated American. LD Tom Akers had sat around a card game all night in a back room of the Fashion saloon. He had been rewarded for being a general nuisance by frequent drinks mixed with design to put him to sleep and thus get rid of him. Notwithstanding, Tom felt badly. It was a sort of yearning after the unattainable; but, in Tom's vernacular, his "coppers were hot," and his philosophy, "the hair of the dog was good for the bite;" hence he wasn't long in deciding that he wanted an early morning drink.

So he picked his slouch hat from the floor, placed it on his head askew, gave a yawn, stepped out of the saloon and looked wistfully down the street. The doors of the Pony saloon across the way were open, and Tom knew that Ned, the barkeeper, was on deck cleaning up the bar.

"Mornin', Ned."

Ned gave a muffled grunt that indicated ill-humor, and kept on breaking ice. Tom watched wistfully a while, and then changing position and leaning on the other elbow, ventured to speak.

"There's lots of them Grand Army fellers in here every day."

Ned said nothing. Tom was discouraged by his silence and continued:

"They ain't no better 'n anybody. They tell about fightin', but sho! they didn't do any more'n I'd a done. I didn't git to fight any, but it was just the same."

"Oh! What are you giving me? You wasn't in the war," said Ned, as he began filling a bottle from a demijohn.

"Well, I tell you," said Tom, drawing closer to catch a sniff of the liquor gurgling from the demijohn; "well, it was all the same; I went to camp when Colonel Connor was recruitin' his regimien' up at Albany. He warn't no gin'ral then. He was the boss of the waterworks, an' folks just called him Pat Connor; everybody know'd him; he was just ez common ez an old shoe then; but a military-lookin' feller, an' walked straight like he did when he wuz made gin'ral."

Ned was wiping off the bottle and didn't seem quite so cross, and Tom moved along the bar to keep near him, and continued:

"Well, I went up to camp to see my ole chum wot listed about a month before; an' he wuz on guard an' hed me stay 'long with him, and ordered 'em to serve me with some rations, an' I et supper with him, an' hed jist same ez he hed: cork pork, little fat, it wuz—yis, purty fat, an' I didn't keer much fur it; an' good, strong coffee—wish I hed some now—in a tin cup, an' plenty of sugar, but no milk—no sir, not a darn bit; not even any condensed milk—an' some hard tack; that wuz all. An' then he

## His Preference.



Miss Kicker—Are you fond of Shakespearean roles Hamlet—I prefer Maryland biscuits.

put me in the guard-house fur all nite. Well, in the morning I asked my chum afore break-fus' ef I could go into town, about a mile away, an' he said yes, an' kind o' smiled, an' I started, an' I went purty quick. An' so I didn't do any fightin'; but I was in the war all the same, an'—"

"Oh! here," said Ned, "take a drink;" and he pushed a glass out with about three fingers of straight whisky. Tom grasped it and raised it to his lips, when he noticed Ned's smirk of incredulity, and he said:

"Fact, Ned; an' ther's an agent writin' to me from Washington, an' he sez he kin git me a pension ef I'll swear to the papers. Here's luck, Ned;" and Tom swallowed it and made way for two cash customers, while Ned said:

"Well, I'll be blowed!"

## Some Chat About Writers.

THE Marquis of Lorne, who, by the way, holds a unique place in the affections of the Canadian people, has shown himself to be a graceful and effective story writer, and now he has written a poem on the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. It concludes as follows:

He died because on danger's field  
A soldier's duty lies,  
Tho' fame a slender wreath may yield  
Where plague's fell banner flies.  
So proud of him, we say, farewell  
With all on Maine and Ithine,  
In love remembering he fell  
Within our Army's line.

Amelie Rives, who was divorced last October from John Armstrong Chanler of New York, was married on Feb. 18, at Charlottesville, Virginia, to Prince Pierre Troubetzkot, a Russian nobleman, who resides in London. This lady made a great reputation very rapidly and has lost it very slowly, but surely.

The King of Andaman, published by the Copp, Clark Company, a story of charism and its outcome, by T. McLaren Cobban, has a strong local coloring and a most interesting narrative style. The various sketches of Scottish laboring folk are vivid and true, and the whole tone of the book elevated and very reminiscent of recently popular Scottish tales.

Body or Soul is a self-confessed woman's book. The ideas are false, the moral doubtful and the denouement deplorable. People who chop and change; people who take unhappy circumstances as an excuse for unlawful feelings; people who, in fact, drift through life as did Muriel and Geoff must inevitably run on the rocks and be drowned, as were this hapless pair. The book is one of Unwin's Pseudonym series.

Mr. Clifford Smith of Montreal has a volume of short stories, entitled Jean the Bobbin Carrier, in William Briggs' presses, and it will be on the market next month. The first story supplies the title to the volume, which will contain eleven stories, eight of which have appeared in periodicals in England, the United States or Canada. One of them, Le Loup Garou, first appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. Mr. Smith has only been writing stories for a couple of years but his success has been unusual.

Dr. O'Hagan is in New Orleans, attracted by the Mardi Gras, and while there will lecture upon Canadian Poets and Poetry.

R. H. Sherard says that he is sure that France is as proud of the "famous and infamous" Paul Verlaine as England is of Tennyson. "Squalid and miserable as was his life to the end, he enjoyed it keenly. He enjoyed, with touching eagerness, every little pleasure that came to him. There was no happier man in Paris than poor Verlaine, when, towards midnight, seated with a few admirers in the Cafe Francois Premier, on the Boulevard St. Michel, he had a few sours for absinthe in his tattered fob, a little caporal tobacco for cigarettes in his pouch. A compliment would light up his ravaged face with childish glee."

## The Might of Trifles.

From French Men and French Manners by Albert Van Dam.

IF the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter than it was, the whole face of the world would have been changed," said Pascal, alluding to her fatal influence over Mark Antony. If the husband of Eleanor of Aquitaine and Guyenne (Louis VII.) had been as handsome with his beard off as with his beard on, his wife, notwithstanding his conjugal shortcomings, would not have repudiated him and would have been unable to marry the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. of England. The provinces that constituted her dowry would not have reverted to England, there would have been no hundred years' war between England and France, and there would have been one virgin less in history, namely, the Maid of Orleans.

If Therese de Fontenay (nee Cabarrus) had been less handsome than she was, Tallien might not have delivered her from her prison at Bordeaux; she would not have accompanied him to Paris as his mistress; they would not have incurred Robespierre's suspicion by their reactionary tendencies; their lives would not have been in danger; Tallien would not have screwed up his courage to the sticking point and bearded Robespierre in the midst of his supporters, and Robespierre would have been allowed to pursue his career of unbridled violence for Heaven knows how long.

If Boulanger had not met with Madame de Bonnemain, the Duc d'Orleans might be seated, at the hour I write, on the throne of his grandfather.

A good time in prospect: "I want you to come around Tuesday night and meet some of the boys." "What are you going to do?" "We're going to break some new-year's resolutions."—Puck.

"You don't seem to care much for original ideas," said the contributor, with a sneer, as he gathered up his manuscript. "No," replied the zero-blooded editor; "we'd rather have good ones."—Washington Star.

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## Anecdotal.

A story is told of a person who had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Finally someone met his youngest son in the street. "How is it, Josiah," said his neighbor; "is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

D. L. Moody, the evangelist, told a story in Philadelphia the other day about his life before his conversion, when a boy of seventeen. He said that while he was a pretty bad boy in his unregenerate days, deep in the follies and errors of the world, he never broke so far away from his early religious training as to forget to say his prayers every night. "I used to sleep with my brother," he said, "and if either one of us happened to jump into bed without first getting on his knees the other would swear at him vigorously and kick him out on the floor."

An old lady, well known in the east of Fife for her learning and for "taking down" conceited people, gave an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China, and he formed the object of attraction during the evening. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady was all but silent during the evening, until he was leaving, when she shook him heartily by the hand, saying: "Tak' gude care o' yonself when ye're awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena."

Many stories are told of the late Prebendary William Rogers, the venerable and well known London clergyman. Once, in replying to the toast of the Church, which had been proposed by the late Lord Coleridge, he said he so much admired his lordship's speech "that he would repeat it from the pulpit next Sunday," which made everybody roar, for the Lord Chief Justice had been unusually pompous and platitudinous. He occasionally visited Jowett at Malvern and at Balliol, and the Master used to say, "You always know when Rogers arrives, because as soon as he reaches the gate he begins to talk to your gardener, and when he reaches the door he makes friends with your servant in the hall."

A couple of weeks ago we told how the Australian papers are cracking jokes on Lord Brassey, and it seems that the riding of bicycles by his lordship and his daughters is thought quite out of place by our cousins at the antipodes. The Governor, it seems, had been for an afternoon ride on his bike recently, and late in the afternoon lost his way in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne. He enquired of a stalwart Irish policeman the way out. The Melbourne police have a reputation for their free-and-easy manners, and the constable replied by laying his hand on the Governor's shoulder and pointing to a distant gate. "Yes, old man," he said, "that's the way out, and be d—d sharp out of it, or you'll be getting yourself into trouble."

An entertaining anecdote, which, moreover, has the merit of being true, is related by the Isle of Wight people about the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. As is well known, he was an enthusiastic follower of the hounds, and on one occasion was present at a hunt breakfast given at the residence of one of the prominent members of the hunt. It was a cold morning, and the hot soup that was set before the guests was much appreciated by them. Prince Henry sat down and began gravely to crumble up a large slice of some rather rich plum-cake into his soup. This curious mixture he placidly consumed and evidently enjoyed. To a gentleman who sat next to him, and ventured to remark upon the combination, the Prince replied, "It is very good. Try it!" But the invitation was laughingly refused.

A pleasant little story is told of Rogers by one who remembers his first curacy at Fulham, Bishop Blomfield, who usually attended the parish church on Sunday afternoons as a worshipper, one Sunday went into the vestry after service, and said: "Mr. Rogers, you left out the prayers for the Royal Family and the clergy." "No, I did not, my lord," said he; "you were asleep." The teller of the story met Rogers for the last time at the athletic sports at Dulwich College in 1894, and compared notes with him regarding the incident. "It is quite true," he said, "the Bishop was asleep; perhaps he had had an extra glass of port wine for luncheon. But it was very cheeky of me to say what I did, because I was his curate—that is, he found the stipend. Mr. Rogers could be 'cheeky' to a bishop, however, even in his old age. He went on to say: 'I was preaching the other day before the present Bishop, and what do you think I chose for my text? 'Drink no longer water; but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' Remembering Dr. Temple's staunch total abstinence principles, it must be admitted that the choice of the text was slightly audacious."

## Between You and Me.

"SHE has positively no imagination," said an artist scornfully, as a woman passed us in the crowd. "I never saw such a character. What she cannot see does not exist for her." And it seemed to me a doleful state to live in, if living it could be called, only to believe in what one sees! Think of what is highest, most precious, perhaps dearest to you and me. Is it not the unseen, the thing we love to think over and dream about, and plan for, and anticipate? Fancy the life that held only the visible! I cannot; and I think the artist must have had his blind side turned to that woman when he so described her.

It seems an absurdity to ask anyone at this late day if they have had the gripe. What a world of unsuspected meaning there is in that name; you said it a thousand times, lightly, carelessly, before you got it, but forever hereafter you speak it vindictively with a world of reminiscent sorrow and pain and tribulation of mind and body. And you don't feel like asking people, "Have you got the gripe?" rather "Has the gripe got you?" For it gets you as no other disease I ever had did; from head to foot it possesses and holds you. Anything else is superficial; gripe is so satisfying. Anyone who has had the gripe has known satiety, full measure, piled up and running over (the last expression being so exactly fitting). The only amelioration I have enjoyed has been that of complete solitude—gripe is sufficient company. Had there been nurses, doctors, friends, foes and relatives I should have either slain or been slain, so I was glad there were no victims standing ready. Everyone doubtless thinks their gripe is quite the worst. I know I do. It was Masonic, and secret society, and Oddfellows' and every other kind of grip known, and it absorbed me for several days to the exclusion of the commonest regard for appearances, manners and proper feeling. I hated the woman who came bearing, not wine and milk, but divers paper bags containing every sort of fruit on the market. I hated the good Samaritan who cleared away the snow from my sidewalk, dear wee Brownie with a peaked capote and a preposterous shovel! I hated even the pictured faces of those who in better health are my cherished friends, and one wild morning I strolled about my drawing-room sounding great blasts into a dragged handkerchief, and blinking unmeaning tears from my eyes, while I turned the lot of them face downwards, that I need not be troubled with their sympathetic or surprised stares. And then there came, just at the lower end of the left lung, that little sharp agony, once felt always dreaded, and I crept into a warm corner and insisted upon taking several long breaths to reassure myself. After this week the gripe means something to me!

I have been reading such a delightful book about a lot of Scottish folk, who have as charming an individuality as ever had the folk of Drumtochty. This book tells of the winery weavers of Ilkstone, a tiny abject suburb, whose dim closes and sandal floors and handful of people grew into my heart as I read, just as Drumtochty folk did, only closer, because slightly more approachable. Was ever in Drumtochty such a boy as Hamish McCree of Ilkstone? Nay. Nor such a savior of men as the hero of the tale, the Maister. There are gems of descriptive writing, and a dounce flavor of humor and pathos combined, which permeates the whole story of The King of Andaman. And the beauty of it is, that when one has read it all and grown to know and love the lot of them, the story is not half told—only just begun, and one feels like asking, "When is the sequel to come?" To you who can enter into the lives of the poor, and who enjoy a strong local coloring, I would recommend this book, which, gripped and all as I have been, I have read twice over. The climax is so fine. One expects an anti-climax; circumstances, the law, suspicion, the ridicule of the unlearned, the disappointment of having been tricked, everything possible combines to confuse and thwart the Maister, and by sheer force and personal magnetism he turns them all aside and works his noble purpose on things and people. The lesson is the finest I have learned in years, and ah! the pleasant hours in the learning! By all means, good people, read The King of Andaman, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

What could be more quaint and reverent and convincing than the Maister's argument with wee kilted Hamish, when the latter defended his ungrammatical "It is me," in answer to the Maister's correction? "It is I, be not afraid," quotes the Maister, and little Hamish argues no more. And you will rejoice in the sad pathetic song of the web, which sounds after months of illness, and the fiery winks of one-eyed Steven and the carefully brushed white whiskers of Saunders; and Eppie McCree, with the hawking man and doited docters, and Kirsty, the rugged old wife, and Tamson with the sandal rasping voice, like his wife's sandal floor, and above all, you will enjoy the effect of the Maister's Stewart nose and dominant eye on the Frenchman who had lived a youth of deference to aristocrats. And there is no blood in your veins if you don't delight in the triumphant playing of wee Hamish, resulting in his seeing the return of the Crimean Highlanders to Ilkstone, from the hospital "far ben" in Scutari. It is not the whiff of the heather, nor the sweet precious breath of the Bonnie Brier Bush, but the odor of warp and wool, the lint of the winery, the moan and the complaining of the loom, and through it all, just the same, the dear heart song.

LADY GAY.

## And the Next Day It Rained.

Rain to-day, sleet to-morrow, and bitter cold and windy the day after. How can a person dress to keep comfortable? It might seem impossible without Rigby proofed Fibre Chamois, which is absolutely waterproof, no degree of moisture can penetrate it; it is also perfectly windproof, giving a healthful warmth, and at the same time is so light in weight that its presence is not felt on mild days. Have some in your coats.

She—I thought you told me your salary was fifty dollars a week? He—Oh, no; I said I earned fifty, but I only get ten.—Yale Record.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best.

## American Fables.

THE TRAMP AND THE HOUSEWIFE.

Detroit Free Press.

NE day a Tramp who hadn't had anything to eat or drink for several years, and was consequently feeling about used up, came along to a farm-house just as the wife was pouring milk from a pan into a dish.

"I pray thee give me a quaff of that milk," said the Tramp as he looked as bad as possible in order to work on her sympathies.

"We don't feed Tramps here!" was the brusque reply as she looked at the caller with stony eyes.

"But, my dear madam, I am perishing while you have plenty. Have mercy, I pray you!"

"That milk is for the dog," she said as she placed the dish on the earth. "If you are thirsty, go drink at the horse-pond."

"And you will not even give me a quart of skimmed milk to keep the lamp of life alight till I strike a job?"

"Get thee hence!" she commanded in reply as she looked around for the axe-handle.

"I go, Mum—I go, but—"

"Here—what's the matter of the dog?"

shouted the woman ere the Tramp had reached the gate.

"He's evidently swallowed sumthin' that astonishes him, Mum. Say! Have you any parsnips green in the house?"

"I have."

"Don't you keep it on the shelf over the milk?"

"I do, and alas! I see how it is! The milk has been poisoned and the dog is gone!"

MORAL:

"When you want a thing and want it bad," said the Tramp as he calmly pursued his way, "then is the time to let somebody else have it!"

THE PEASANT AND HIS FRIENDS.

Detroit Free Press.

One day the Owl remarked to the Crow that the Peasant who had lately moved into the cottage beyond the wood was a good fellow, and the Crow passed the word to the Jackdaw, and the Jackdaw to the Parrot. Then the Fox wanted to know what was up, and being duly informed he took it upon himself to notify the other wild animals of the forest, and pretty soon it was

"Resolved, That the Peasant being a good fellow, we will visit him and prove our good will."

In due time there was a great gathering of birds and beasts, and at a signal each one cried out and applauded in his own peculiar way. Things were mighty lively, and the assemblage was flattering itself that it was doing the proper thing in a proper way when the Peasant appeared with his hair standing up and his eyes hanging out, and exclaimed:

"Ah! Lack-a-day, but what in Texas is all this row about!"

"We have come to show our friendship for a bully boy!" was the chorus.

"Had you come as enemies I would have brought out my shotgun and protected myself, but now, alas! I am helpless and undone!"

MORAL:

The man "in the hands of his friends" may be pitted even by his enemies.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

Life.

A Wolf that had been left for dead by the dogs lay not far from a running brook. He felt that one good drink might save his life. Just then a sheep passed near.

"Pray, sister," said he very gently, but with a sinister twinkle of his eye-teeth, "bring me some water from your stream."

"Certainly," said the sheep, and she brought him a glass in which she had poured a few knock-out drops. As she sat on his corpse a little later she moralized in this manner:

"Some clever people are wicked, but all wicked people are not clever, by a d—d sight."

"Are you superstitious, major?" "Well, I think it is unlucky to be run over by an omnibus."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Do you know Bilk?" "Know the infernal scoundrel! Why, he—"

"Ah, I see, you do know him."—Chicago Evening Post.

Tommy—Papa, what comes after a million, a cottillion? Papa—No, my son, a million and a cottillion generally go together.—Bazar.

Hampton Belle—I wouldn't allow a horrid man to kiss me, would you? Newport News Girl—Of course not; I don't know any such.—Norfolk Pilot.

"What! You say that Herr Schmide, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I have a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight!'"—Dorfbarber.

She—You don't care for my kisses any more. He—The idea! Before we were married I used to expect a dozen or so in payment for a box of candy, and now I deem only one of them sufficient payment for a new dress.—Indianapolis Journal.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case? Criminal—Yes, your honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.—Household Words.

Gotrox—I think young Cheekly is a foreign nobleman in disguise. Wigwag—What makes you think so? Gotrox—Well, he has succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars from me, and now he wants to marry my daughter.—Philadelphia Record.

"If you love me," he said impressively, "you will never chew gum under any circumstances. I am satisfied that it is injurious." "But, Alfred," she protested, "you know, I haven't any caruncles." It was only then that he realized what a mistake he had made. Chicago Post.

## A Grand Record.

It is now nearly four years since Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, opened its doors for the treatment by the Double Chloride of Gold System of inebriety, morphine, tobacco and cocaine addiction. During this time, there have been received for treatment, in addition to the many hundreds of average cases, scores who had been virtually given up by their friends and sent to Oakville with the expectation that they would not live long enough to complete the course of treatment. The results have been a pleasant surprise. Restored in health, no appetite for liquor or drugs; these have left us at the end of four or five weeks feeling as they never expected to feel again. An old patient, three years through, recently remarked that the results of the Oakville Double Chloride of gold treatment were as great a source of wonder to-day as the day he left the institute, cured. No one is disappointed or sorry. Everyone pleased. It must continue to be so. Toronto office 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

Motto for a cyclist: Always tired, never weaned.

"Those old Greeks seem to have had a god for almost everything. I wonder they did not have a god for prize-fighting." "They did. His name was Eolus."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why, is it," said Mrs. Wilbur to the ragman, "that you don't buy old paper any more?" "I save money by subscribin' direct for the Sunday newspapers, ma'am," said the ragman. —Bazar.

The mendicant stood before the wayfarer with outstretched hand. "Please, sir," he said, "I have seen better days." "Well, that's no affair of mine," said the wayfarer; "make your knee to the weather man if you don't like this kind of a day."—Chicago Post.

"I hardly know how to begin, sir," said the would-be son-in-law, as a starter. "Permit me to help you out," said the old man. The words were polite enough, but the young man thought he saw a glare, and got out unassisted.—Indianapolis Journal.

What William D. Howells particularly objects to in President Cleveland's Venezuelan message is four relative pronouns in one sentence. Yet, strange to say, that literary production of the President's was more widely read and produced a deeper impression than all of Howells' books put together.—Rochester Herald.

"This new light they have discovered that enables one to take a photograph of a man's bones without skinning him will be a terrible factor in the wars of the future," said Wilkins. "Take a bearer of a message, for instance; he is captured, and, after the old-fashioned methods, swallows the paper; out comes the photograph, takes his internal picture, reproduces the swallowed message, and there's all the poor messenger's devotion gone for nothing."—Harper's Bazar.

## WESTERN CANADA LOAN

AND SAVINGS COMPANY.

## THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The President's Address—Comprehensive Review of the Operations and Position of the Company—Report of the Directors and Financial Statement.

The Thirty-third Annual General Meeting of the Company was held at its Head Office, No. 70 Church Street, Toronto, Canada, on Monday, the 17th February, 1896, at ten o'clock a.m.

The Hon. G. W. Allan, President, in the chair. The Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, read the Annual Report and Financial Statements which were adopted on motion of the President.

Scrutinizers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan, the Hon. Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., and Thomas H. Lee, Esq., were re-elected. These gentlemen, with George Gooderham, Esq., Alfred Gooderham, Esq., George W. Lewis, Esq., and Walter S. Lee, Esq., form the Board.

At a subsequent meeting held by the Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President, respectively.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the year ending on 31st December, 1895.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.

Liabilities.	Assets.
To Shareholders—	
Capital Stock.....	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	770,000 00
Contingent Account—	
Dec. 31, 1894.....	\$70,445 90
Contingent Account, added 1895.....	22,079 78
	92,525 68
Contingent Account, written off, 1895.....	20,320 32
Contingent, balance, Dec. 31, 1895.....	63,005 36
Dividend, payable 8th January, 1896.....	60,000 00
	\$2,383,005 36
To the Public—	
Debentures and interest.....	\$3,541,400 88
Deposits.....	929,137 81
	4,470,538 69
Sundry Accounts, including Coupons outstanding.....	505 52
	\$6,864,169 57
Land Mortgages.....	\$6,564,263 21
Mortgages on other securities.....	6,380 23
City of Ottawa Debentures.....	32,441 74
Office Premises and Furniture, Toronto and Winnipeg.....	125,171 07
Cash on hand and in banks.....	135,294 32
	\$6,864,169 57

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cost of Management, viz.:—Salaries, Rent, Inspection, and Valuation, Office Expenses, Branch Office Agents' Commissions, Auditors' Fees, etc., \$52,388 84

Directors' Compensation..... 3,500 00

Interest on Deposits..... 33,739 84

Interest on Debentures..... 142,576 22

Net profit for year, applied as follows:—Dividends and Tax thereon..... \$232,294 90

Carried to Contingent Account..... 22,079 78

Interest on Mortgages and Debentures, Rents, etc..... \$376,766 98

WALTER S. LEE, Managing Director.

TORONTO, 5th February, 1896.

To the Shareholders of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, and made the usual inspection of the securities with the exception of the business of the Manitoba Branch, which has been audited and inspected by a local auditor, and certify that the above Statements of Assets and Liabilities, and Profit and Loss, are correct, and show the true position of the Company's affairs. The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

WM. E. HARRIS, Auditors.

WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A., Auditors.

## The Pouring Rain

can't penetrate through garments interlined with

Rigby Proofed

... Fibre Chamois

The Rigby process makes it non-absorbent and completely waterproof without altering its smooth surface or leaving an unpleasant odor.

This line will be invaluable for use in skirts, capes and other wraps. It costs no more and looks the same in the price except for the Waterproof label.

Avoid Worthless Imitations

THE NAME IS ON EACH YARD.

It is now a well known fact that the Wabash Railroad is the shortest, best and quickest route from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Hot Springs, Texas, Mexico, California and all Southwestern points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. Full particulars from any R. R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, North East corner of King and Yonge street, Toronto.

We have a large stock of fine old Maderia wine, pronounced by connoisseurs to be the best on this market, sold at \$4.50 per gallon, or \$10 per case of 1 doz. quarts, at Mar's, 79 and 81 Yonge street. Telephone 1708.



The Old Reliable.

Disease is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations without. Hence to cure the disease the cause must be removed, and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. Warner's SAFE Cure is established on just this principle. It realizes that

95 Per Cent.

of all diseases arise from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a food and restorer, and, by placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

For the innumerable troubles caused by unhealthy Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing disorders of Women; for all Nervous Affections, and physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Its past record is a guarantee for the future.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO.

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your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care. Others far more exposed pass through unharmed. Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer. They are without power to resist disease, they have no reserve strength. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is cod-liver oil partly digested and adapted to the weaker digestions of children.

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IS NEVER AS GOOD AS

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All dealers keep it, and see you get it.

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IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR

At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures, Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, ventilated by electric fans; large dining-room and kitchen with range

## ART NOTES

THE portrait of the little daughter of Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, which recently left Mr. Wylly Grier's studio, is as charming a composition as it is a pleasing harmony of color. The little subject is seated, holding on her lap a bird-cage, on which both hands rest, the dress and subdued dark on the floor, contrast well with the warm yellow and red browns in chair and background. Although to our mind a little more canvas above the figure would have been an improvement, yet the easy grace of attitude is well given and the color delightful. We were allowed a glimpse of a canvas which holds a something which we have seen in nothing else Mr. Grier has painted, or not to the same extent, but as the work is just at that stage when "children and fools" should not see it, that is all for the present.

A most liberal incentive to good work has been held out this year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts by Mr. William L. Elkins, in the shape of a prize of \$5,000 to be bestowed in one amount or divided in two parts at the option of the jury. This is really a prize, as the sum does not buy the picture but is given outright, Mr. Elkins having only stipulated that for twenty days after the award he shall have the privilege of purchasing, at catalogue price, the chosen picture, or pictures. Some such scheme as this would call out in Toronto much talent now idle, and stimulate many an artist who is no idler.

Mr. A. C. Williamson of this city, or more strictly speaking of Brampton, is now studying in Broiles, France, where his companion is Mr. Morrice of Montreal.

Toronto has lately received an addition to its colony of artists in the person of Mr. F. T. O'Keefe, who has just completed a three-quarter portrait of the late Captain Irving, which, as far as a work painted under the circumstances could be, is very satisfactory, and at least shows what the artist's manner is. By those who knew the sitter the likeness is considered good; the background gives an excellent idea of space and the figure of solidity. The painter's methods are simple and direct and his handling of color speaks experience. Mr. O'Keefe comes from England, where at different times he was the pupil of Luke Fildes, Alma Tadema (whom he found a strict but rather irascible teacher), and also had the seldom granted privilege of working in the studio of Lord Leighton. In London he painted among others Baron Worms, and among his patrons on this side of the Atlantic during various visits are Mr. Pullman, Mr. A. J. Strauts of Minneapolis, Mr. L. P. Hunt of Mankato and Dr. Talmage of New York. During the World's Fair of '93 Mr. O'Keefe was on the art jury for Minnesota.

Mrs. G. A. Reid writes on ship board, just before reaching Gibraltar, to a friend here: "We have found Mr. Chase and his party, who are on board, so pleasant; there are only six students, but with his wife, two children, and two ladies who are going part of the way, they form a very pleasant party. I believe he expects a few students who are now in Paris, to join him. On Monday last we celebrated the Emperor's birthday with great waving of flags and tooting of horns; we have an orchestra on board which plays twice a day, so we had the German national anthem, and I think every other national air except the French. The great spectacle came at dinner, when at dessert a procession of about twenty stewards brought in the ice-cream in the form of medieval towers lighted from within by tapers; the electric lights had meantime been turned off. Then Bishop Doan of Albany, about the most important man on board, was asked to propose the health of the Kaiser, which he did in a very neat little speech, the gist of which was that we are practically all the same race, as we spring from the great Germanic stock."

London *Sporting Life* in referring to Mr. Bruenech's exhibition of water-colors says: "The points of view are well selected, and the

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AT

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PRESENTATION OF

ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED

BY A. H. HOWARD

53 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO



Manager—Wouldn't it be well to have a new statue of George Washington in the main gallery this month?

Proprietor—Yes, give Napoleon a hair cut and change his clothes, and we can have him for this evening's performance.

artist's work shows close observation; he paints with a broad and effective touch, and is successful in giving the impression of great height to his mountains." Mr. Bruenech is naturally gratified at the success of his London exhibit and the sales that have resulted, and writes that he expects to sail for Canada in March.

Brooklyn and Chicago are not succeeding in gaining universal approbation for their efforts in ornamenting their parks with statuary. With regard to the two bronze reliefs recently placed on the soldiers and sailors' arch at the entrance to Prospect Park, the *Art Amateur* says: "Lincoln is offering for public inspection the interior of a shockingly bad hat . . . the figure is poorly modeled and the horse's legs are notably weak. The Grant figure has one good point, it sits its horse well, but the latter is one of the ugliest beasts we have seen in bronze, and trails its tail like a tired donkey." And of Chicago the same magazine remarks that that city "is going through the usual trouble with bad statuary, a sort of metropolitan measles with which all cities break out in youth." It seems that the city has accepted a statue of Franklin by a third-rate artist, and bought a monument to Goethe to be placed in Lincoln Park, of which little is known but that it is to be a copy of a monument in Berlin, that it is to be in marble, and that it is to cost \$12,000, although the regular price is \$25,000. That is a bargain!

LYNN C. DOYLE.

## Nervous Headache.

A Trouble that Renders the Life of Many Women Miserable.

A Sufferer for Twelve Years Whose Trouble was Aggravated by Kidney Disease Tells How to Regain Health and Happiness.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Since the *Record* began to publish accounts of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, its representatives have found that half the wonderful cures effected by this medicine have not yet been given to the public. Women as well as men, who have found relief are eager to let the facts be known for the benefit of other sufferers. Among them is Mrs. James Cotnam of the township of Wolford.



Suffered from severe headache.

The lady referred to was for twelve years a constant sufferer from nervousness, headache and kidney trouble. Having read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she determined to give them a trial. Their use for a short time brought a great improvement, and after taking them for about a month the nervous headache and kidney trouble left her. The degree of thankfulness felt by one who receives such benefits as the above can better be imagined than described. Here are Mrs. Cotnam's words: "If you could only know or if I could but tell of the intense suffering which I have endured and the many sleepless nights I have spent in mental and physical agony, you feel for my restoration to health." Her trouble was a continual dread to her, and for a long time prevented her from doing any work. Since using the pills she is as well as ever—or to use her own words—"fully restored." In this household Pink Pills are now looked upon as one of the necessities.

As is the case with every good cause Pink Pills have much to contend with; spurious articles have been placed on the market, and, though in appearance and color they may resemble the genuine, they have an altogether different effect on the system. The writer was once in a store when Pink Pills were asked for by a customer. The dealer hadn't them but said that he had something "just as good." The public are warned against this "just as good" scheme which is too often resorted to

by some store-keepers. It should be borne in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a certain cure for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

PREY.—A good deal of refinement and some depth of thought are shown in this study. Writer has little sequence of ideas and would make a poor debater, but has a wholesome caution, an easy temper, rather generous views, taste for beauty and a sympathetic and sensitive nature. Some adaptability, considerable self-esteem and a bright manner are indicated with good order.

VERY PIOUS MA.—I. Hope you are back from the far West and will see your answer next week. Sorry I did not notice your request; should have been glad to accede to it. 2. Your writing is most attractive, showing adaptability, good nature, brightness of perception, but not very good logical power nor sequence of ideas. You are rather impulsive, very sympathetic, energetic and hopeful. It would take a great deal to finally cast you down. You have a strong sense of humor and love of social intercourse; should be capable of sacrifice for one you love, and ought to make a capital wife! You have a talent for direction of affairs and a good deal of order and method.

UNBROKEN COLT.—With proper development you should be a diplomatist. You are at present much too fond of talking and inclined to insincerity, but time will doubtless adjust this mistake in your method. There is also a tendency to despond under trial. You are not the blessed kind who "come up smiling" after defeat. But you have great natural ability, and with self-control and concentration should be a success in any chosen field. A firm, constant purpose in life would bring your slightly erratic impulses into line and form for you a splendid character. You are tenacious of opinions, rather warm in affection, and generous, but lacking in reasoning power and judgment.

BETH.—L. Ladies are always served first, no matter who the gentleman may be; his rank won't take precedence of his manners. 2. When there are a number of guests, the master of the house takes in the most important lady present; the rest pair off, as pre-arranged, and the hostess comes last with the most important gentleman guest. Though your eyes and hair may be brown, you seem rather green as regards social etiquette. Never mind, Beth, don't be shy about asking questions; that's the only thing to do, and people would find out at once that you were ignorant in any case, so there is nothing lost by confessing it. Your writing, while showing a good deal of force and energy, is very crude and not at all suitable for delineation.

BETLAH.—I. I fancy you and Beth must be sisters, you having slightly the advantage in quickness of perception and concentration. Both studies are insufficiently developed and lacking in decisive traits. 2. I think a lady who "merely bows" would be very uninteresting. There are so many things one can say, complimentary and otherwise. There is really nothing I can suggest as an infallibly correct remark, but for heaven's sake don't say "thank you." 3. Tell the truth, of course. If he is an impossible partner, he goes to the dressing-room in good season, before the dance begins, and stay there till it is over. Nothing is easier than to escape a disagreeable partner, if you have the least atom of contrivance. It's done every day, or more properly, every night.

SONNIE JACK.—I. Too bad, Jack, May is perhaps your unlucky month. Why don't you enquire into that! At the same time the young man whose "whole ambition" is to go to New York, puts too many eggs in one basket. Try, my boy, and have some other ambition in reserve. I can quite understand your longing, and only wish you knew how foolish, in your ignorance, you are, but you'll live and learn, my boy; there's no other way. 2. Your writing has all the gentle qualities, and you are an ingratiating young person, but you and it lack snap and determination. One good thing, you are an adept at

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taking care of No. One. I have seldom seen a more canny hand. Also you enjoy a bit of play more than a day's work. You are cautious and persistent, somewhat visionary and very bright in manner. I am sure you are a popular young man.

DOLLY J.—That is one of the questions which make me tired. "Would I require much study to be a good actress or am I cut out for one?" The fact that you have longed to be an actress ever since you were a little girl has nothing to do with the case. One of the greatest, if not the very greatest guy I ever saw on the stage, told me she had always had the same ambition. Well, if you intend to be any kind of an actress at all you must buckle down to real hard work. If you don't, you'll soon find yourself "cut out," but it will be out of the cast. 2. I should say you had considerable self-reliance, and a certain loose and careless dash and enterprise. There is neither marked refinement nor extremely sensitive sympathy to be seen in your lines; you are straightforward, courageous and determined, but seem obtuse in some matters. I don't think you would get on with critical people, nor that your standard will ever be a lofty one, but that you have a certain ability one glance at your lines reveals, undoubtedly.

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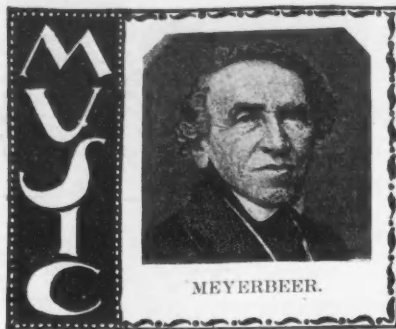
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The Albany Concert Company attracted a representative audience of about thirty-five hundred people to Massey Music Hall on Friday evening of last week. The great popularity of Albany in Toronto may be attributable both to her eminence as an artist of the highest rank and the fact that Canada is the land of her birth, the latter circumstance exercising no small influence upon the sympathies and pride of our people. Last week's concert tended to strengthen the bond of good feeling existing between the great artist and the Toronto public, for certainly her singing on this occasion was, on the whole, worthy of the exalted reputation she has gained in many lands as a songstress of superlative excellence. Lacking perhaps in the technical brilliancy of Melba, and showing besides radical signs of vocal deterioration for time has not dealt any too gently with her voice—her singing is still characterized by the same warmth and artistic style which have contributed so largely to her fame. Her middle register appears to be unimpaired, but there is a perceptible wearing in her higher tones. Her trill also is not what it once was by any means, but notwithstanding this she scored a decided triumph and awakened the intensest enthusiasm, being repeatedly recalled after each appearance. Her numbers were the *Casta Diva* from Norma, Handel's *Sweet Bird* aria with flute obligato by M. Frederic Ruequoy, Moore's *Meeting of the Waters*, and Ardit's *Valse* song, *Rosebuds*. As encore numbers she sang the French song *Rendez-moi ma Patrie* and the waltz song from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The assisting artists were: Mme. Marie Van der Veer Green, contralto; Mr. Norman Salmond, basso; Mr. Ernest Schelling, pianist; M. Ruequoy, flautist; and Mr. Jehn Prume, violinist. Mme. Van der Veer Green scored a signal success in her songs, winning a double encore for her remarkably sympathetic rendering of the Scotch ballad *Loch Lomond*. In fact, the reception accorded her from a popular point of view equaled that given the great prima donna who was the central figure of the concert. Her voice is of beautiful quality, her style artistic and refined and her personality most attractive. The basso, Mr. Norman Salmond, deserves to be classed with the greatest of English concert singers who have visited us during recent years. His interpretation of Mendelssohn's *I am a Roamer* was a triumph of vocal art and musical intelligence. Mr. Schelling, the pianist, proved himself to be the possessor of an excellent technique combined with musical feeling and admirable breadth of style. He was particularly successful in Liszt's *Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody*, which was vigorously encored. The Heintzman grand piano used by him was heard to excellent advantage in his various solos, being rich and full in tone and of even scale throughout. The violinist, Mr. Prume, played several solos in a very satisfactory manner. He occupied the last place on a very lengthy programme for his second number, a thankless position to fill, even under the most favorable circumstances. The stampede which began before he appeared on the platform for the last time was sufficient to discount even the most cold-blooded performer. The accompaniments were most artistically played by Mr. H. Lane Wilson. This gentleman is one of the most efficient accompanists heard in Toronto for many a day. Mr. Suckling, manager of the hall, is entitled to much credit for his enterprise in arranging for this very enjoyable concert and for the admirable manner in which the numerous details connected with the engagement of the artists and the management of the event were carried out.

The second performance of *The Creation* by the Toronto Philharmonic in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week attracted an audience of about fourteen hundred people. The attendance proved somewhat disappointing to the promoters of oratorio at popular prices, as the receipts must have fallen several hundred dollars short of expenses. As regards the performance, little need be added to what has already appeared in this column concerning the previous presentation of the work several weeks ago. The soloists were, as before: Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, soprano; Miss Lund, contralto; Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, all of whom repeated their successes of the first concert. The orchestra was, on the whole, very satisfactory, but the chorus still proved quite inadequate to the demands of the work. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the president, stated during the evening that the society did not, as had been rumored, intend limiting its selection of soloists to local artists, but would, when occasion demanded, engage eminent foreign talent to assist in the performances. At the close of the performance the death of Mr. H. A. Massey, the donor of the hall, was announced by the conductor, Mr. Anger, when Mr. Blakeley, the organist, played Handel's *Dead March* in *Saul*. By a strange coincidence the generous founder of the hall passed away during a performance which exemplified the objects he had in view when the project of building the hall was first considered, namely, providing a high class of entertainment for the people at a minimum price of admission.

The annual concert of the Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, was given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening of last week in the presence of a large and critical audience. A choir of forty-two voices responded to Mr. McNally's baton on this occasion and succeeded in obtaining a very favorable verdict from those present. In quality and volume of

tone there has been a decided advance made this year over the best record of the Club last season. A distinct improvement was also noticeable as regards phrasing, enunciation, intonation and expression. All the numbers rendered by the Club were warmly applauded and Stewart's Cruikshank Lawn was encored. The least successful number was Dudley Buck's *Hymn to Music*, which would have been more effective with a larger chorus. The assisting soloists were: Miss Florence Marshall, pianist; Miss Ida McLean, soprano, and Mr. W. H. Robinson, tenor. Miss Marshall played with much brilliancy Bach's *Italian Concerto* and Liszt's *Twelfth Rhapsody*. This young lady's technique and style have shown remarkable development during the past year. In response to a vigorous encore she rendered Mendelssohn's *Spinning Song*. Miss Ida McLean, the popular young soprano, was also very successful in her solos and was obliged to respond to a well earned encore to her first solo. Mr. Robinson was in good voice and sang with his usual success Beethoven's *Adelaide* and Adams' *Mona*, being encored for the latter. The concert, as a whole, proved a very pleasant event and should encourage the Club in its work for the future.

The following fine programme was rendered by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field at a private musicale given on Saturday last at his residence, 105 Gloucester street: Beethoven—Sonata, op. 10, No. 1, *Allegro Molto* and *Adagio*, Miss Guenther; Bach—Prelude and Fugue in F minor; Beethoven—Variations in F, op. 34, Miss James; Weber—Sonata in A flat, op. 39, Andante, Mrs. Lee; Beethoven—Sonata, op. 31, D minor, *Allegro* and *Allegretto*, Miss Birnie; Sapellnikoff—Danse des Elfes; Miss Boulbee; Bach—Prelude and Fugue; Mendelssohn—Liszt—Auf Flügeln des Gesanges; Chopin—Sonata, B flat minor, Miss Topping; Henselt—La Gondola, Miss Carter; Lack—Arietta in F; Beethoven—Presto from Sonata in F, op. 10, No. 2, Miss Austin; Schuetz—Valse in C, Miss Jennie Ryford; Liszt—Twelfth Rhapsody, Miss Florence Marshall. It is Mr. Field's intention to give similar interesting recitals by his pupils at intervals during the season. Needless to say the above programme was interpreted in a manner worthy of the pupils and their painstaking instructor.

The Toronto Philharmonic's annual performance of *The Messiah* will be given on March 23. This concert will be one of note in the annals of the history of music in Toronto, inasmuch as Madame Albani has been engaged for the soprano role, this being her first appearance in oratorio on this continent. The other artists will be Madame Van der Veer Green, contralto; Mr. William Rieger, tenor, and Mr. Norman Salmond, basso. The orchestra for the occasion will be considerably increased, an artist from the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra being especially engaged for the trumpet solo in *The Trumpet Shall Sound*. The chorus must be limited to three hundred and fifty voices. I am anxious to state that members of the Mendelssohn Choir and of the Male Chorus Club who wish to take part will be accepted without the necessity of any voice test. Others desirous of joining the chorus should signify their intention at once to the secretary, 30 Freehold Loan, and arrange to be present at the Guild Hall, McGill street, on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Webster's song and mandolin recital, which was given on Thursday evening of last week in St. George's Hall, was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience, among whom were numbered not a few of our most prominent patrons of music. Mrs. Webster's mandolin solos were a feature of a very attractive programme. Technically and musically her work places her in the front rank of performers on this instrument, which is so rapidly growing in popularity. Mrs. Webster was very enthusiastically received and won a pronounced success on the pure merits of her performance. Mr. Webster was in excellent voice and sang with much effect the solos allotted him. His pupil, Miss Kimberley, who assisted, also contributed materially to the success of the evening through her clever work. The accompaniments were played by Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli with his usual skill and good judgment.

The annual concert of the Don Mills Methodist church choir on Tuesday evening last was a most successful event. A large audience crowded the church and manifested the greatest enthusiasm at the excellent programme offered and the admirable manner in which it was carried out by the choir under the direction of the organist, Mr. W. F. Tasker. Dr. Gaul's interesting and tuneful cantata *Ruth* and a harvest cantata composed specially for the choir by Mr. Tasker constituted the programme. Mr. Tasker's cantata was received with loud and prolonged applause, which abated only when the composer bowed his acknowledgments. Mention should also be made of the soloists, among whom the chief honors were won by Mr. Hook, Miss Graham, Miss Cheeseman and Miss Davey.

The second quarterly concert of the Conservatory of Music, which was held in Association Hall on Monday evening last, proved a very gratifying success, both as regards the character of the pupils' performances and the very large and enthusiastic audience which attended. Unusual pressure on these columns this week prevents a detailed account of the concert, but it may be said that in all the departments of the Conservatory's work there continues a progressive advance, not only artistically but in the increased attendance which is reported in the number of pupils.

The Toronto Ladies' Choral Club, under its talented conductress, Miss Nora Hillary, purposes giving an entertainment, which will consist chiefly of part-songs, to the patients in the Home for Incurables, on the evening of Tuesday, March 3. The club will not give any public concert this season. During its existence of seven years it has given the magnificent sum of \$800 to the following charities: Sick Children's Hospital, Nursing at Home Mission, and Aged Women's Home, truly a splendid record.

Mr. Rechab Tandy, the well known instructor of vocal music at the Conservatory of Music,

sang the tenor solos in *The Creation* performance recently given in Chatham under Mr. Philp's direction. The local press speaks highly of his singing on this occasion and specially praises the quality of his voice and the intelligent manner in which he interpreted his part. The attention of readers of this column is directed to Mr. Tandy's professional card, which appears in this issue.

A concert of more than usual interest was given at the Bond street Congregational church on Tuesday evening last under the direction of Miss Norma Reynolds. An attractive programme was carried out in an excellent manner, a number of Miss Reynolds' advanced pupils distinguishing themselves by their good work in both solo and ensemble singing.

Mr. Torrington reports good progress in his plans for the jubilee performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The chorus list is developing and the patronage promised is already assuming good proportions. An invitation is extended to members of any of our local musical societies to send in their names as candidates for membership in the *Elijah* chorus.

Mr. J. Churchill Arledge, flautist, of this city, has been engaged to play in the trio, *Del Aurore* from *L'Etoile du Nord* by Meyerbeer, with Mme. Albani and Mons. Ruequoy at Cincinnati on Wednesday and at Columbus, Ohio, on Friday next.

The net proceeds of the Beethoven Trio concert on Thursday next, March 5, will be given to the Boys' Home. A fine programme has been arranged and the event is already assured a large and fashionable audience.

The Sunday School orchestras which are to accompany the United Methodist Choirs at the concert to be given in Massey Hall on Easter Monday next, are being specially trained by Mr. Torrington.

The Mendelssohn Choir have donated from the surplus of their late concert the sum of fifty dollars to the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children.

Owing to pressure on these columns this week a number of items are unavoidably crowded out.

"I don't like her singing. Her notes come from her chest." "Well, ought they not?" "No, indeed. They ought to stay there."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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## Dramatic Notes.

On the Bowery, the realistic play that incidentally pictures life among New York's poor and lowly, will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House all next week. This piece introduces Steve Brodie, who adds to the distinction of having jumped from Brooklyn Bridge, that of being the best known character of the Bowery. He stands as the type of a numerous class that has of late been receiving much attention from playwrights, novelists, sociologists and other students of humanity. The doings in his saloon, as shown in this play, are an epitome of the comedy and some of the tragedy of real life in the poor section of a great American city. The characters are all representative—the "bum," the "tough," the Hebrew shoe-string vendor, the crooks, the huckman, the "bouncer," the "jay" and the others that go to make up this remarkable portrait gallery. They are so presented as to be all the more effective from contrast. The principal people involved in the main plot of the play belong to higher walks of life.

The Grand will be dark again next week.

While the eye is dazzled with the gorgeousness of a grand scenic production in the theater or the mind admires the promptness and precision with which scene follows scene with clock-work regularity and noiselessness, be it in comedy, melodrama, or society play, credit is given the actors, the author and the scenic artist, but we too seldom stop to think of a very powerful factor in producing this artistic effect, without whose skilful assistance all would be chaos—the theatrical mechanic. For many years the latter have had an association called The Theatrical Mechanical Association, which is composed of men employed in every principal theater in the United States and Canada. Its objects are to assist its members in case of need and to assist one another by unity in action. This association has decided to give its tenth annual benefit performance at the Toronto Opera House on Friday afternoon, March 13.

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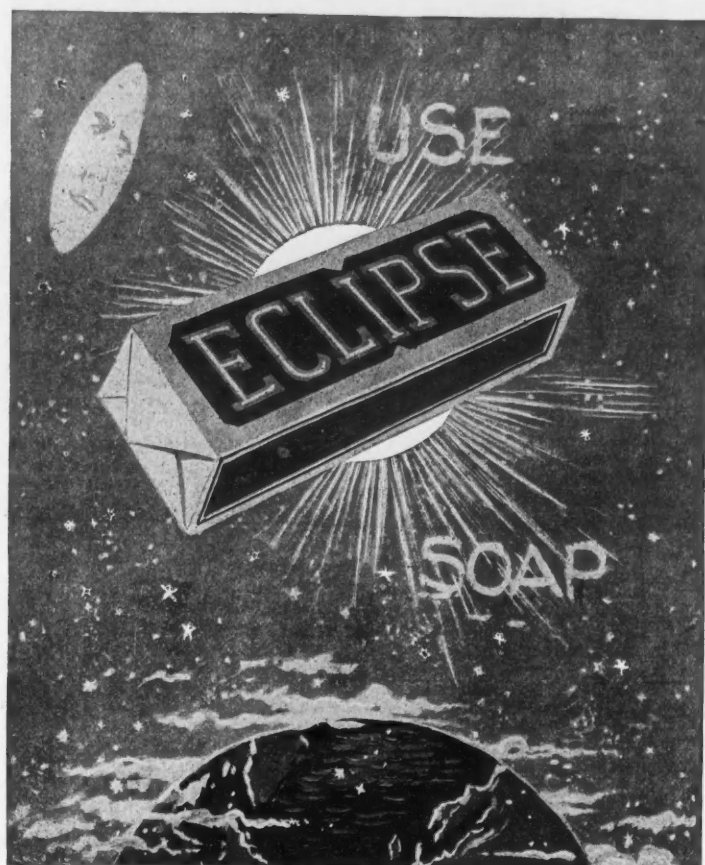
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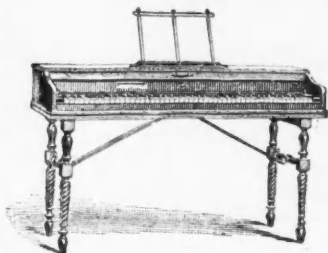
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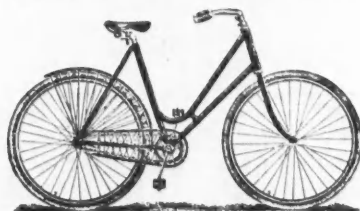
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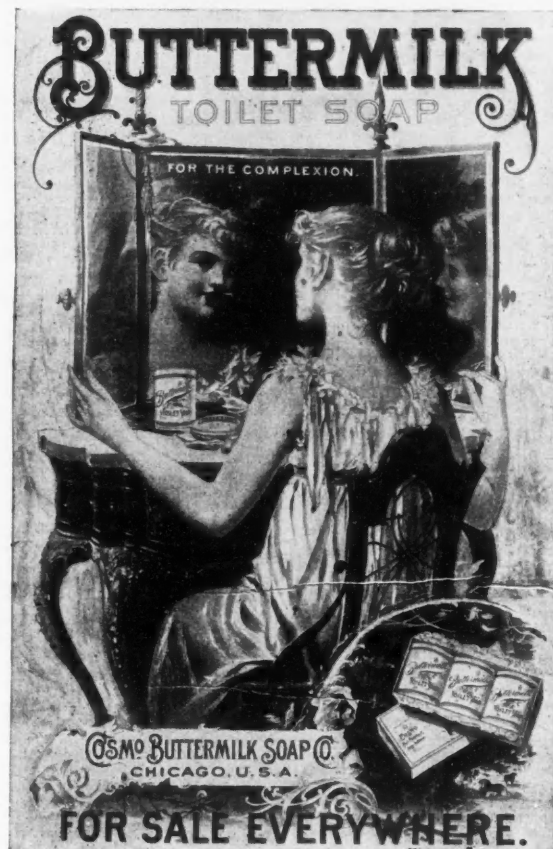
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## WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

## Forty-Fifth Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of this city on Thursday, the 28th inst., Mr. Geo. A. Cox, president, occupied the chair, and Mr. C. C. Foster, having been appointed to act as secretary to the meeting, read the annual report of the directors.

The report showed that there had been a considerable increase in premium income over that of the preceding year, and that in the fire branch a satisfactory profit was realized, which result was due mainly to the moderate loss ratio on the business of the company in the United States. In the marine department it was shown that on account of the low water in the lakes and rivers during the past season and from other causes the general experience of companies engaged in that business has been particularly unfavorable. Under these circumstances last season's operations on the lakes had shown a loss which materially affected the total result of the business of the company for the year.

The following is a summary of the

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.	
Premium income, less re-insurances.	\$2,332,290 31
Interest income.	75,652 56
<b>Total income.</b>	<b>\$2,407,942 87</b>
Losses.	\$1,566,254 77
Expenses of management—agents' commissions, taxes, and all other charges.	765,091 01
<b>Total.</b>	<b>\$2,331,355 81</b>
Dividends on stock.	\$ 100,000 00
<b>Total assets.</b>	<b>\$2,331,355 81</b>
<b>Total liabilities.</b>	<b>\$2,331,355 81</b>
Reserve funds.	\$1,072,932 16
Cash capital.	1,000,000 00
Subscribed capital.	1,000,000 00
Security to policyholders.	\$3,072,932 16

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

In considering the report, shareholders should bear in mind that the year with which it deals has been, in many respects, a remarkable one in our business. It will be remembered by those connected with fire and marine underwriting in this country as a year which brought with it disasters of an exceptional character—heavy losses upon classes of business regarded as the most desirable and, therefore, as one which was generally disappointing in its results to insurance companies. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that there is more matter for congratulation in the balance-sheet now before you than there has been in many of the annual statements we have had the honor of presenting to shareholders, in which, under more favorable conditions, our revenue account exhibited a much more substantial balance of income over expenditure than is shown as the outcome of our transactions for 1895.

The serious fires in the early part of the year in this city, involving an aggregate loss of some two million dollars, are, no doubt, fresh in the minds of shareholders. The Western was called upon to pay to its policyholders in these disasters \$102,500, about one-half of which, however, was covered by reinsurance in other companies. Closely following these came other fires of exceptional magnitude, to which I need not refer in detail, but I may say that, on the whole, the company never experienced a more unfavorable opening in any year than its first records for the first three months of 1895. The ultimate profit show on our fire business at the end of the year was, therefore, as gratifying to us as it was reassuring to the theories we have entertained based on the doctrine of average.

It is, I may say, the recognition of the vital importance of this principle—and the conduct of the business upon these lines—that enables the British, American and Canadian companies, operating throughout this continent, to offer property-holders a guarantee of indemnity from loss by such disasters; and I will say further that it is the absence of facility for the application of this essential principle of insurance, namely, a wide distribution of risks of moderate amount, that must be fatal to any scheme for municipalities assuming the fire risks upon the property of their citizens, as it has been suggested they should do by some ardent social reformers, who appear to lose sight of the fact that investors will look for larger returns in the way of interest on municipal bonds, if they are called upon to assume greater risks than are undertaken by the shareholders of an insurance company. In making this reference, I wish it to be understood that I speak as one more largely interested in the debentures of the City of Toronto and the general credit of the city than in stocks of our fire insurance companies.

I may briefly summarize the past year's experience of the company by saying that the profits on our fire business were practically absorbed by the losses of our marine branch, and that our interest earnings were sufficient to pay after providing for the amount written off for depreciation in securities about 7 per cent. upon our capital stock, the additional 3 per cent. required to make up the usual dividend being taken from the reserve fund accumulated from the surplus of previous years. On account of the larger volume of business on our books we have increased the amount estimated as necessary to run off unexpired policies to \$794,400. The actual liability under this reserve is, of course, dependent upon the number and amount of the policies which may become claims before the expiry of the term for which the premiums have been paid. Similar estimates in previous years, however, have proved to be more than ample, and our reserve for this purpose, I may say, is considerably larger for our volume of business than that set aside to provide for unexpired risks in the statements of any of the British companies which have come under my notice.

It would of course be premature at this date to attempt to form an estimate of the probable outcome of the present year, but it is nevertheless gratifying to be able to say that our experience thus far in 1896 both as to volume of business and moderate loss of ratio has been very satisfactory, and taking into account the evidence which the report now before us presents of the ability of the company to meet out of the year's premium receipts such exceptional calls upon it as the losses of the past year, I think we may say, without laying ourselves open to the charge of optimism, that the prospects of the present year, in fact, of the future of the company are very encouraging.

In conclusion, I wish to bear testimony to the ability and zeal which the officers and agents of the company have shown in furthering its interests during the past year.

The Vice-President, Mr. J. J. Kenny, seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

The election of Directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted in the unanimous re-election of the old board, viz.: Messrs. George A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Robt. Beatty, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Geo. McMurich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osbourne and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently Mr. George A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President for the ensuing year.

"Sir," began the high-browed man with the rolled manuscript, "in me you behold a man who is in advance of the age." "Yes," said the editor; "you are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume." "Next summer?" "Yes, I notice that you have left the door open." *Indianapolis Journal.*

## An Indescribable Sensation.

To be easily described a thing must have clear outlines and unmixed colors. In other words, it must be simple. A rent in one's clothing, a boil on one's body, a tumble while walking, the shape of a box, etc., are easily set forth in words. On the contrary the complex and comprehensive things puzzle the mind and take the meaning from language.

It was for this reason that Miss Sabina Mitchell, alluding to an experience of illness, says: "At this time there came upon me an indescribable sensation. It was as if the powers of life were going to fail me, and I should sink down without help, as a stone sinks in water. Yet in saying this I convey no adequate idea of the nature of that feeling. I hope I shall never have it again."

"The illness which led to it began in the spring of 1892. My health appeared to give way all at once. I found myself tired, heavy and feeble. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had much distress at the stomach and pain at the chest and sides. My strength gradually declined and I became very low, weak and nervous; and it was *when in this condition* that I felt the indescribable sensation I have spoken of."

"I soon became so depressed in body and mind that it was with great labor and strain that I attended to my business. I was extremely down-hearted and feeble, and none of the many medicines I tried did me any real good. In December, 1892, Mother Seigel's Syrup was commended to me, and I began using it with, I confess, small confidence. But after having taken it for a few days I felt wonderful relief. My appetite improved, and eating no longer gave me pain. A short time afterwards the Syrup proved its value in the matter of my disordered nerves. The nervousness disappeared with my increasing strength. Nowdays, whenever I need any medicine, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup quickly set me right. Having had so convincing an experience of what it can do, I recommend it to all my friends and customers. You can make such use as you like of this letter. (Signed, Miss Sabina Mitchell, Marchant-le-Fen, Boston, U.S.A., May 17th, 1895.)"

"In March, 1892," writes another lady, "my health began to give way. I had lost my energy, and was languid and heavy in feeling. I had a sense of faintness and dizziness that was almost constant, and occasionally spells of sinking which I cannot describe. Hot and cold flushes came over me, my mouth tasted badly, and after eating I had a feeling at the chest like the pressure of an actual load upon it. I never seemed rested, and awoke in the morning more tired than when I went to bed. I was also much troubled with wind or gas from the stomach, and raised a sour, biting fluid."

"In this manner I continued to suffer for nearly two years, no medicine that I took giving me any relief. In January, 1894, I procured a small book and read in it of cases like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I immediately procured the medicine from Boots' drug stores, and after taking it for about ten days felt much better. I could eat something nourishing without any pain following. I kept on with the Syrup and was soon in my former good health once more. You have my permission to make this statement public. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Shaw, 174 Barnsley road, Belsom, Sheffield, England, 1895."

"Touching the 'indescribable sensation,' alluded to by both ladies, an eminent medical author says: 'It is syncope without the loss of consciousness. The sufferer has the keenest realization of the bitterness of dissolution. I have seen stalwart men, conversing and shaken by such experiences till they trembled like aspen leaves.'"

The cause is an acid poison in the blood, produced by indigestion or dyspepsia. The remedy is to purify the blood with Mother Seigel's Syrup and to tone the stomach in the same way. Use the Syrup on the approach of the earliest signs of weakness.

## Unsanitary Wall Coatings Condemned by the Bible.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or redish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days. And he shall mark the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalsomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians. This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

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## Births.

BRUCE—Feb. 21, Mrs. P. H. Bryce—a daughter.  
CRONIN—Feb. 21, Mrs. P. F. Cronin—a daughter.  
CARRUTHERS—Feb. 26, Mrs. George Carruthers—a daughter.  
SMYTH—Feb. 25, Mrs. F. H. Smyth—a son.  
FELLOWES—Feb. 21, Mrs. F. L. Fellowes—a son.  
PORTER—Feb. 21, Mrs. E. Porter—a son.

## Marriages.

ANDREWS—PHILLIPS—Feb. 20, Harry Andrews (Vancover) to Lizzie Phillips.  
CATHRO—TAY—Minneapolis, Feb. 5, Francis R. Cathro to Fanny Tay.  
PEARSON—LAWTON—Feb. 19, Walter Wilmet Pearson to Mary J. Lawton.

## Deaths.

ATKINSON—Dr. John Sangster Atkinson of Gananoque, at Hamilton, on the 24th inst.  
ADAIR—Feb. 20, Lizzie Aclair.  
BERRY—Jan. 25, Eleanor Letitia Berry.  
CLARK—Feb. 18, Esther Augusta Clark.  
MASSEY—Feb. 20, Hart A. Massey, aged 72.  
MACDONNELL—Fergus, Feb. 19, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.  
COLBY—Feb. 21, Emma Colby, aged 79.  
RUMBLE—Feb. 21, Mrs. Wm. Rumble, aged 87.  
RYRIE—Feb. 21, Jennie Lynne Ryrie, aged 17.  
TURNER—Feb. 20, Hannah Frances Turner, aged 83.  
COCKSHUTT—Feb. 20, Jessie Cockshutt.  
HOGAN—Feb. 25, Rev. Father Hogan.  
WILKES—Feb. 25, Mrs. Cairn Wilkes.  
BAIN—Feb. 24, Robert Bain, aged 31.  
BRICK—Feb. 24, Maggie E. L. Brick, aged 30.  
HUGGARD—Feb. 23, Maud Huggard, aged 18.  
McLAUGHLIN—Feb. 23, M. Howard McLaughlin, aged 28.  
PAIKES—Feb. 24, Mary A. Parkes, aged 81.  
STEPHENS—Feb. 18, Daniel T. Stephens, aged 68.  
ATKINSON—Feb. 24, Dr. John Sangster Atkinson.  
HENDERSON—Feb. 24, T. K. Henderson, aged 72.  
HILLOCK—Feb. 23, Mary Cowan Hillock.  
McCOY—Feb. 23, Henry McCoy, aged 64.  
SCOTT—Feb. 24, James Scott, aged 71.

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